THE COMMONWEAL

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GOING TO JUDGMENT

SOMEWHERE in his treatise on government, Saint Thomas declares that "when one faces the necessity of choosing between two situations each of which threatens to be dangerous, it is absolutely essential to select that one which will result in less evil." This is an eminently sane and simple rule. The difficulty lies, however, in the fact that nothing is harder than choosing, particularly when the act depends upon several individuals who must move together. During the past twenty years we have watched European civilization tear itself asunder with tremendous rivalries which first prepared for war, then fought it, and finally framed a peace which actually codified the old dissensions. Recent weeks have staged a great effort to weld wires which have created what may be termed one short circuit. Whether the Experts' Committee which has been working to solve the problem of reparations will eventually succeed is a question which we are, therefore, asking hopefully if a little wearily.

The figures compiled are in themselves not very interesting. A national budget never is very interesting, excepting when the individual correlates it with his own tax bill and cost of living. In the present instance, however, fundamental aspects of well-being are at stake. When history imposed upon the German people the task of paying for the major costs of the great war, it was simply abiding by what has come to seem one of its fundamental principles. The spoils belong to the victor. For a time the theory flourished that all the goods of the vanquished—even the right to live as a nation—could be confiscated. Not a few men believed that the Reich should be divided, enslaved, rendered extinct. Gradually that foolhardy notion was abandoned. The Germans have maintained all their basic properties; and after their enemies had time for reflection, it became clear that any other eventuality would have been disastrous. If the French and the British have been able to recover, relatively speaking, from their almost immeasurable sacrifices, it is surely because the Germans have survived. In primitive times conquerors went out to build up empires through successive annexations. Today the only possible kind of empire is mutual coöperation. And this in turn means concerted effort to dispose of existing economic and financial ills in a manner advantageous to all concerned.

Because American representatives have been able to urge this doctrine and to promote its adoption by

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others, they have occupied a curiously favorable arbitral position. They have declared—virtually with Saint Thomas—that even if a nation found it dangerous to mitigate its claims or to curtail the maximum of its independence, the other peril of eventual collapse and war was vastly greater. All the while it was evident that the success of their efforts was largely dependent upon the universal need for the good-will of the United States. It was clear that this country occupied the judge's seat, invariably entitled to deference. And nothing could have added greater lustre to the nation's name than the courtesy and skill with which its endeavors to promote international conciliation have been carried through by men of integrity and sense. The contemporary world knows the names of Dawes, Gilbert, Young and Gibson much better than it does the name of this or that military leader who, ten years ago, seemed entitled to immortality. They have surely helped to make illustrious the arts of peace, and America may very justly be grateful for them.

But are we not steadily approaching the time when the question whether the propaganda of the United States is to be the same as the policy of the United States must be answered? Like all the other victorious peoples, we came out of the war convinced that our own rights and our own absolute independence were the matters of primary importance. We repudiated coöperation and averred that Europe could go hang for all we cared. Beyond demanding what we had coming in the way of debts and professing to love peace, we settled back into a "security" out of which we had no desire to budge. Now every new event makes it clear that here, too, a choice between two dangerous situations must be reached. Coöperation is the alternative to isolation, and there is no solid middle ground.

The point at issue is obvious enough from Mr. Hoover's more or less overt acts. To him can be traced directly two incidents which have a very definite originality: Mr. Gibson's address on armaments at Geneva, and the offer to curtail the costs incurred by the army of occupation in Germany. Neither is, in itself, a momentous move. Both differ from Mr. Kellogg's treaty quests, however, in being attempts to influence the international situation from inside out rather than from outside in. Nobody ever believed that we wanted to embark on diverse wars, and Mr. Kellogg's effort was really designed to keep other people from indulging in wars. But the Hoover suggestions have been real concessions—genuine offers to get good-will by paying for it. We believe the President would like to go much farther than these first steps. Whether he knows his countrymen as well as he might is one question, whether he has caught a first-hand glimpse of the mechanism of modern society is another. His further conduct will vastly merit attention; and unless we are badly mistaken, it will also deserve heartfelt approval.

WEEK BY WEEK

SUNNY skies marked the inauguration of Gerardo Machado y Morales as President of Cuba for an additional term of ten years. The impressive occasion was marred by no emphasis upon the peculiar and contradictory history of General Machado's retention of semi-dictatorial power: peculiar because it has further diluted the electoral code which General Crowder recommended as a guarantee for fair elections, and contradictory because the President was originally elected by a party pledged to a single term, and was insistent in declaring he would not accept reëlection. The Crowder resolutions, which were aimed particularly against the possibility of a clique of professional politicians capturing the political machinery of the country, have been supplanted by constitutional amendments. These made provision for a single term, but they also specifically excepted the President. Repeated yet widely-spaced despatches from the island have indicated that political disturbances have been met by effective, if not summary, action by the President. One of these, invoking the Platt Amendment, took the form of an appeal to President Hoover for intervention. But so potent has been Machado's curb that, in face of an admitted opposition, all three organized parties supported him in the election of last November and no candidate opposed him at the polls.

Inauguration in Havana

THESE facts may have no deeper significance in regard to Cuban politics than the unwillingness of a people to disregard that principle of democratic government which opposes one man's protracted holding of executive power. A dictator perhaps, the Cuban surmises, but a benevolent dictator. Yet with cautious eyes he looks toward Washington. For it is there that developments in Havana may register more profound meanings. If revolution lurks on the horizon, will the State Department continue the Hughes-Root interpretation of the Platt Amendment, or will it revert to Knox's interpretation? Secretary Stimson, by his settlement of the Diaz-Sacasa-Moncada feud in Nicaragua, has certainly implied that the United States claims the right to act to prevent conditions from arising in Cuba which might be harmful to foreign investments. This was the policy which dictated the landing of American troops during the rebellion of 1917 and the arms embargo to the rebels in 1924. Obviously the charges of the Unión Nacionalista that "the suffrage has been once more emasculated . . . civil guarantees are non-existant . . . all constitutional liberties have been suppressed . . . countless assassinations have been perpetrated by orders of the government through its agents," must stand the burden of proof. Nevertheless such a situation is commonly the breeder of armed resistance. President Hoover and Mr. Stimson, if they do not wish to repeat the

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anomalies of Nicaragua, should be prepared for such an unfortunate eventuality.

Colorado and the Mexicans

THE fifth annual report of the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado State Council of the Knights of Columbus does not sound interesting but it really and truly is. In more than one respect we believe that here is the first batch of sound, helpful, stimulating information about Mexican immigrants to the United States yet offered to the public. It is brimful of both facts and charity. Intelligence as well as earnestness is reflected in it. The data gathered by the report may be divided into two sections. First comes an analysis of the social problem: race feeling, expressed in "White Trade Only" signs, and a juridical situation which means that when a Mexican is accused of crime he is also almost automatically convicted; very bad housing conditions, resulting in a scandalously high infant death rate (in one district, fifty-seven out of 104 families lost 152 children); layoffs from industrial employment which leave thousands of Mexicans dependent upon charity during the slack season; and a misapprehension of the relation between Mexican labor and the white worker. The second part is devoted to religious activities: distribution of literature and objects of devotion, which are supplied free of charge to pastors who ask for this material; efforts to promote social welfare work —guidance, religious instruction, industrial education —among the Mexican people; and antagonism to communistic propaganda.

THIS last is dealt with very frankly. During the past year, a committee of Mexican beet workers organized meetings to enlist support for a petition they hoped to present to their employers. "Most of the things asked for," says the program, "have been a part of the Knights of Columbus Mexican welfare committee program for the past five years. An attempt was made to scare the farmers into thinking it was an I. W. W. move. From reliable information at hand at the time it was known that the I. W. W. was not a serious influence among the Mexicans." Efforts were made to "exert a quieting and steadying influence," through personal interviews and other means, with the result that a friendly conference between the two sides was finally held. But, we are told, another effort is really being made to win the Mexican laborer in Colorado for communism. "This is the old Mexico Communist or Red Socialist group. Certain of these radical groups are under the immediate direction of the Mexican government, or at least are working here with its knowledge, approval and financial support." Though it must be conceded that some Mexicans are not very good Catholics, the extent to which they are is rightly viewed as an influence making for the conservation of sanity and industrial peace. One may therefore wish this work of the Knights of Columbus continued and growing success. Indeed, the record has made us feel proud of the order and more grateful than ever for our common faith. It is as fine an achievement as we have seen in years.

In Behalf of the Law

SELECTING the National Law Enforcement Commission was not a job for a summer afternoon. Between men who are too busy to serve and men not competent to serve there is, in this case, no shade of practical difference. But Mr. Hoover emerges with a first-class assemblage of respectable citizens, scarcely none of whom looks like a forbidding reformer or an elaborately embossed figurehead. It is a distinct achievement which deserves applause. One wonders, however, whether this group will be willing to accept the President's theory of law. Is a legislative enactment subject to scrutiny by the moral reason, or must it be swallowed automatically? The question is of importance precisely because, from time immemorial, one of the tests of a law has been its behavior in practice. Mariana, the Spanish Jesuit economist of centuries ago, based his attack against the coinage mandates of the crown on the fact that people neither would nor could obey such an edict. We think that an anthology of similar remarks from the writings of statesmen and political philosophers might well be compiled and lengthened almost indefinitely. It is quite probable, however, that a similar and more pertinent list of observations could be extracted from the private and public opinions of Mr. Hoover's Commission.

How Shall We Control Energy?

NO DOUBT the explanations offered for the explosion which wrecked Dr. Crile's Cleveland clinic and transformed an institution for saving and healing life into a merciless abattoir are sufficient. One must sympathize fully as much with the physicians in charge as with those who suffered the loss of some beloved friend or relative. Few disasters have been so tragically associated with beneficent motives; and for this reason the mind is driven to reckon with a problem, a possibility, which seems inseparable from contemporary life. The X-ray was invented to cure disease and remove suffering. A certain kind of film, based upon the use of powerful chemicals, was then invented for the X-ray. In other words, new energies were discovered and combined in order to accomplish a task which had hitherto baffled man. But when these were left unwatched for a moment, they suddenly flung aside the harness into which they had been strapped and appeared as brute forces destructive of everything in their path. In a miniature fashion, the Cleveland disaster reproduced the chaos which follows a volcanic eruption, wherein energies stored up by nature for cosmic purposes suddenly run riot. The question arises: what may be expected from the constant throttling of new forces to serve humanity?

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INDUSTRIALLY speaking, we have long since been familiar with this problem. The toll of lives which the automobile and other transportation machines exact is a really fearful price to pay for comfortable speed. Aviation has already claimed its thousands of victims, quite independently of the havoc it caused during war time, and as it develops will doubtless reap truly impressive holocausts. To these disasters modern men are, almost cynically one may say, accustomed. It is another thing entirely to find that inert devices—films, compounds, innocuous-looking bottles—can change, instantaneously, into dispensers of death. Has humanity, the destroyer and tamer of wild beasts, built a fresh jungle round itself, more fearful than the forest? At any rate, two conclusions force themselves upon the mind: first, that man is not the master of the universe, but only a crude conniver and borrower over whom cosmic control is resolute; and that every new invention calls for another expenditure of carefulness and exacting timidity.

RECENTLY a week was set aside by various colleges and academies throughout the country for the fostering of Catholic Action, which subject we have commented upon on various occasions. Many accounts of what has been done have reached us, and from them we select as representative that supplied by Rosary College, Chicago, which institution is conducted by the Dominican Sisters for the benefit of young women. Acting on a wise realization that giving and receiving ought to be combined in the business of education, the sponsors of the program enlisted both the student body and outside authorities. The last gave addresses regarding various aspects of the proposed Action—religious, social, cultural—and dignified the occasion with their presences. Meanwhile the students were giving five-minute talks, staging an open meeting for the exposition of the Leonine Rerum Novarum, and competing with one another in literary and poster rivalries. "Interest," declares one observer, "grew daily with cumulative force." We are inclined to believe that it could hardly avoid doing so. To think of so much youth being poured into the mold of a great, beneficial idea is to attain new confidence in the future.

Education in Action

A GENERALIZATION of our own, which we have privately enjoyed for many years, ran as follows: The English are profoundly unlike us, but the differences are masked by a common tongue; the French are profoundly like us, but the likenesses are masked by a different tongue. Professor Bernard Faÿ, writing in the Yale Review, takes issue with the last half of this neat antithesis, but so pleasantly, and granting us so much by the way, that we feel illuminated rather than corrected as we read. For Professor Faÿ, cold to the thesis of French-American similarity, is warm, eager and accurate on the subject of French-American friendship, defending its genuineness in the past and predicting its continuance into the future; and this was a large part of what we meant in the first place. Professor Faÿ recognizes, with that cheerful candor which gives such reality to his utterances, that there are definite circumstances just now which tend to drive the two nations apart. Obvious by reason of its importance is the Mellon-Béranger settlement, and the utter good faith with which the mass of Frenchmen repudiate and the mass of Americans endorse it. Less obvious but no less convincing is the tourist habit, which sends through Europe solid wedges of our countrymen who are impervious simply from lack of culture, to irritate and be irritated in turn. But Professor Faÿ believes that, in spite of these things, the common understanding will endure, that America will continue to stand to the Frenchman for stimulus and adventure, and France to the American for liberty and enlargement of mind. We heartily agree, and we wish to say what a refreshment it is to come upon such unstrained and happy conclusions in this especially trying period of uneasy assurances and open apprehension.

Entente Cordiale

IN THIS country the campaign against billboards has recently lost intensity, partly because the campaigners have had success enough to permit themselves a rest, partly because the ladies' clubs have been so busy in their new war against cigarette propaganda. Meanwhile the scene of active combat has been transferred, of all places, to Shanghai. One cause for discontent there seems to be that the International Settlement has been invaded by the billboards in recent years. Indeed, "no section of the city is sacred against the ubiquitous advertising sign," according to the China Weekly Review. It declares that at first the resentment of the natives held the advertisers in check, at least it kept them from "plastering their slogans on the portals of the sacred places." But nowadays the offenders are powerful enough to do as they please: "One frequently is greeted with the spectacle of a devout Chinese burning prayers in a thousand-year-old brazier, glistening beneath a blue tiled temple roof over which flames some placard bearing the legend of a patent medicine, or enumerating the merits of the latest model of the Wessex Twin Six." Here, certainly, is room for indignation. Poster companies in this country went far before they were tamed by City Beautiful committees, aided by a valiant daily, weekly and monthly press. Not many school fences, and no abandoned village halls, which should have been kept inviolate as monuments to the olden time, were free of the bright devices of advertisers, but this was as near sacrilege as they approached. And now they are so docile that almost every day offending cigarette signs are being taken down somewhere, and billboard agencies are

A Little Gloating

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promising never to accept such again. Compared with the way things are done in Shanghai, our lot is a most felicitous one.

Peter the Apostle

ALTHOUGH the solemn procession in which, it had been reported, Pope Pius was to end officially the period of Vatican imprisonment seems to have been postponed, only a few weeks remain until that great event will have occurred. How many will be grateful for having lived to see this hour, which so triumphantly restores the normalcy of the Catholic life! We contemporary folk can realize only with extreme difficulty that the Popes used, in olden days, to travel far and wide, thus continuing the apostolic journeys of Saint Peter himself. To the residents of late mediaeval French and German cities, the Holy Father was, of course, never a familiar figure; but time after time the tiara was seen beyond the Alps, even as the red robes of a cardinal are seen today. One memorable instance comes to mind from reading the latest volume of Monsignor Mann's history of the mediaeval Popes—the scene at Lyons, during 1274, when the Latin and Greek Churches met in common council. Into the cathedral of Saint John the Baptist, which stands beneath the hill of Fourvière beside the Saône, thousands were crowding to witness the splendid array of prelates over whom Gregory X sat enthroned. His wish for the reunion of Christendom was as strong as the reigning Holy Father's. Will the Lord grant that some day, in a city appointed for that purpose, a similar meeting shall bring together the apostolic Pope, now free, and the representatives of dissident ecclesiastical groups?

The Jailing of Scarface

FIRST reports of the incarceration of Mr. S. A. Capone in Philadelphia aroused suspicions that this eminent Chicagoan had courted arrest, and welcomed the sentence which gave him a year in jail. It was known that rival gangsters had decreed his death years ago, and although he had found immunity under the protection of a skilled bodyguard, it was reasonable to suppose that he should weary in time of a routine which demanded such unceasing vigilance. So the impression got abroad that he had deliberately sought asylum, despite the assurances of his wife that while he had often dreamed of the tranquil life to be led in the Bermudas, Hawaii or Europe, he had never once spoken romantically of such a resort as the Philadelphia hoosegow. Now, however, two despatches from Chicago lead us to suspect that it was a mistake to discount the representations of Mrs. Capone. The first is that lawyers of great skill in these matters have been hired to free her husband. The second is that before the arrest, Chicago gangsters had decided to bury the hatchet, or the machine-gun, so to speak, and form an alliance. A generalissimo acceptable to all the leaders had been selected. Under his supervision, Mr. Capone, Mr. Bugs Moran and other leaders were to direct the operations of their respective gangs. Thus, for the first time in history, crime promised to present a united battle-front to the forces of law and order. It is not likely that Mr. Capone would imprison himself at a time when he might participate in such a beautiful scheme.

Professors and the Press

CURIOUS to learn what publishers might do to please a college-trained audience, the Inland Daily Press Association submitted questionnaires to university professors in eight states of the Middle-West. Right forcibly the pedagogues responded, and their comments, as might have been expected, were not flattering. They are disappointed with the dependence placed upon untrained men for important assignments. They dislike the abundance of criminal news, and the romanticizing of morons. They are disgusted at the average daily's compliance with the tricks of publicity hunters. The professors would have in their newspapers more accounts of foreign affairs, more emphasis on news of industry, commerce, religion and education, more special correspondents and more courage. With all this of course we are in agreement. But we must wonder no less why so many professors (700 out of 1,500) should have answered these questionnaires than why the Press Association should have been interested in academic criticism. Surely both must know that the answers will have no effect on the constitution of the daily press. It is no desire to please a cultivated audience which animates the publishers of nine-tenths of the papers in any association. It is a desire to please the advertiser. The most naive journalistic error into which any reader can fall is to suppose that the news policy of the paper he reads is controlled by its news editor. Look for the controlling figure not in the city room, surrounded by copy-readers, but down among the ledgers, and the adding machines or in a little cubicle of a sanctum not very far removed. Talk to him of special correspondents!

FURTIVE INFORMATION

THERE will be no nine days' wake if the Senate should abandon the rule of secrecy for the proceedings of executive session. Editors and others will flatter the public on another victory for open-handedness in governmental affairs, and the public, quite sensibly, will wonder whether it will make any difference in the price of beans. And certainly it is no secret that the rule of secrecy is irksome to many senators. Even some of those who were hottest for calling into judgment the young newspaperman who discovered and made public the roll-call on the ratification of Mr. Lenroot as a federal judge, agreed with Devil's Advocate Blaine that the rule is outworn, unnecessary and unfair. And the campaign to abolish it, under way

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for some time, received no end of encouragement as the result of this incident. For one thing the squabble which rose over it, at a time when everyone could remember that the same reporter's disclosure of the roll-call on the nomination of Secretary West passed unchallenged, was absurd. And senators on both sides of the argument made it appear more so: the indignant parliamentarians unconsciously, perhaps; others, like Mr. Blaine and Mr. LaFollette, deliberately. If there is one thing which the Senate as a body fears more than another, it is to appear ridiculous. In the extremities of debate, the most effective check is always a reminder that remarks will appear in the Record, that they will be seized upon by maliciously alert "paragraphers," and the Senate will be degraded on the Main Streets of the land. Well, and if it can be demonstrated that a rule exposes senators to such a danger, its existence will not be greatly prolonged.

It happens that there is no good reason for retaining the rule in question except that it has been in force about one hundred and fifty years. Originally an experiment in honest government, after all these years we may reasonably say that its results have not been gratifying. It was intended as a cover under which senators might vote upon important executive nominations according to their own convictions and without fear of political consequences. On the other hand, it has enabled them to vote according to private interests without fear of any kind of consequences. When it works, it works in two ways; but in recent years it has not worked very often. "Through the usual channels it has been learned, etc.," is now the standard, sure-fire phrase for leading off a story concerning the events of a secret session. So generally accurate have these stories been that they are received with at least as much respect as the interviews once attributed to a White House spokesman. It is apparent that the usual channels are deeply grooved. The ball of information rolls down one of them without much chance of being lost on the way.

And thus, when the channels are working, the rule is impotent. When they are not working, it is often unfair. More than a few senators have been victimized. To false charges, based on rumor, they have been unable to reply without revealing their true part in the session concerned, and thereby violating regulations. Those who have spoken out, unable to conceal vexation, have done so at the risk of expulsion. On these grounds Senator Jones may count upon Mr. Norris and Mr. Wheeler if a vote is ever taken on one of the resolutions to amend the rule which he periodically introduces. He may count upon Senator Heflin who would not care to be prevented from telling his constituents how he voted on a foreign appointment, for example, and why, although the rule has not always dammed his eloquence. He may count upon Senator Blaine, who speaks of darkness begetting secrecy, and secrecy fathering corruption. And on Senator Caraway, more plain-spoken and direct than his fellows, who fears that "somebody for a consideration is peddling" confidential information about the Senate's doings. He wants to "take away from that individual the market for his own dishonor," and "from those who want to buy stolen goods the opportunity to do so." The best of them is that it has not worked as intended. As Senator LaFollette intimated, evasion is honorably and openly possible. Suppose a Senator repeats in executive session a statement which he has made before in open meeting. What is to prevent him from repeating it again in public? If he is bold enough he will declare beforehand that he means to narrate his part in the proceedings to his constituents. Senators have done that very thing. This, with the increasing enterprise of newspapermen, makes us fairly certain of receiving reliable information about what happens in secret session. But simpler than this compromise with the letter of a rule would be to do away with it, especially since it is not in accord with the principles of free government, however decent the end which it first sought to attain. In a small way, it is analogous to that newer experiment which also seeks a respectable result through methods similarly hostile to free principles. And similarly fails.

THE PUZZLE OF ISLAM

ISLAM continues to be of extraordinary interest. The reasons are many: England's position in Asia, which reposes upon the fulcrum of Palestine; efforts to promote reunion between the oriental Christian churches and the great communions of the West; and the apparent break-up of "Pan-Islam" into a number of strongly centralized local reorganizations, notably in the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal. Nor can one forget the dream of missionary work to be accomplished—a purpose beloved of many Catholic souls in the modern time. Strangely enough, only one American seems to have been deeply impressed by the situation. The Reverend John A. Zahm, famous traveler and scholar, had turned his attention to the problem of Mohammed; and if his life had been spared, he might have succeeded in getting a hearing for this theme from his countrymen. These have, instead, approached it by an entirely different route through the work of near East relief. For this generous endeavor to save and heal we are all deeply grateful and permissibly proud, but it has not brought us closer to a knowledge of a vast and fascinating section of humanity.

Accordingly one feels indebted to the British Observer for publishing during the past weeks a series of lucid articles by Raymond Lacoste, the London correspondent of l'Echo de Paris. M. Lacoste is a shrewd student of details, but he is also a delver, a seeker after fundamentals. Having set out to examine the contacts between Islam and the Occident as established in the new Angora, he arrived at conclusions which are basically of two kinds. Though the Turks

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have been commanded to adopt western customs (the calendar is Gregorian and the penalty for wearing a fez is "fifty strokes of the stick") one cannot be sure that these legislated reforms are destined to last or even that they imply definitive abandonment of the ideal of Moslem unity. On the other hand, M. Lacoste wonders if the Turks have "lost their faith." The mosques of Constantinople and other cities are nearly empty; and it is even rumored that Mustapha Kemal has declared "the doctrine of Islam incompatible with reform." Nevertheless, our author opines, the percentage of Moslem agnosticism is probably not larger than the similar percentage in the Christian West.

Indeed a French observer is always likely to be impressed with the glowing faith of the desert and even to be reminded, as a result, of his own. Who can forget, if he has read them, the reflections of Ernest Psichari on the "mysticism of the desert," which still conserves the doctrine of the mediaeval Abd el Kader, pious recipe for ascending the ladder of perfection? And of course there is the still more instructive history of that "saint of the Sahara," the Abbé Foucauld, who traveled through African mountains then unknown to any European and found, at the end of his journey, the star of a faith that guided him through a holy and charitable career. Finally the Moslem mystics remain the kindred of Christian seers to an extent which one can only term veritably remarkable. Père Maréschal recently dealt with one of them in his Studies in Mysticism; and we are told that in a new book by Monsignor d'Herbigny, director of the Papal Institute for Ethnology, there are fine pages on the same theme.

Whence comes this strange affinity which has often existed between Catholic and Mohammedan souls? In years gone by—quite recently, in fact—it was possible to dismiss Islam with a shrug of the shoulders as a weird sect born out of Arab stupidity. Our attitude of mind was determined by the historic conflicts which raged round the vital circlet of the Mediterranean. Now several scholars have come with entirely new light on the matter. The most important is probably the German historian Max Horten, whose books are devoted to study and interpretation of Mohammedan writings. Horten's most important contention is that the elements of the "Prophet's" creed are derived from Christianity and owe their virility to this fact. This he upholds by analyzing the idea of God, the ethical purpose and the ascetic forms of the Islamic religion.

Naturally we cannot outline here even the essential points of view outlined in Dr. Horten's books. One may, however, venture to make a few observations based upon them, with the hope of inducing some to investigate a vast subject. The Moslem idea of God, we are told, is rooted in a primitive Arabian near-monotheism. On the one hand, fate ("dhar") is the power which holds absolute sway over men. Certain "magical" aspects attach to it, and it is probably a definitely "astral" conception which arose out of contemplation of the night. Allah, on the other hand, is the God of light, who dispenses good; and perhaps the old Arabs had reached this imperfect knowledge of Divinity through their study of the daytime heavens. By the time of Mohammed the two ideas had all but merged, so that the "Prophet" considered monotheism self-evident. But when he suffused new life into this, it was simply by reading the attributes of the Father revealed by Christ into the notion of Allah. The Arab does not speak of "the Father," but only because his monotheism is held to be incompatible with the Trinity. Nevertheless all that the Saviour had told His disciples regarding the goodness and mercy of God was easily accepted by Mohammed. Indeed, he sent his earliest followers, harassed by persecution, to a Christian bishop in Abyssinia; and it was only after these met with no welcome that he turned to the Jews. Later on the fundamentally Christian character of the Islamic creed was made still plainer, because a series of ascetic leaders emphasized more and more of New Testament doctrine.

Horten also believes that forms of worship which have perennially attracted the notice of the traveler to the desert—the prostrations, the prayer five times daily, and the readings from the Koran—were borrowed directly from Christian monastic practices. Furthermore, the ethical ideal of unselfishness in mutual human relations did not originate with Mohammed, but had been preached vigorously by dozens of religious communities and hermit monks. The most significant fact seems to be, however, the continued insistence of Mohammedan mystics upon the "personality" of the soul. Though the near East was influenced not a little by the Buddhistic Orient, it never conceded to this last the rightness of Nirvana, but clung firmly to the doctrine of individuality and separate immortality. How appealingly this point of view is expressed in some Moslem writings is evident to all who have read the texts.

These findings possess, it seems to us, far more than an academic importance. Though they seem destined to effect a complete change in our attitude toward the history and religion of Islam, they may eventually express themselves effectively in practice. The missionary problem is always to build upon the basis of spiritual facts already given. Strangely enough one sees that precisely in the creed bequeathed by Mohammed there are Christian fundamentals which no other world religion posssesses. Saint Francis's mission to the Saladin was, therefore, by no means impractical. It could naturally enough not be carried on today by itinerant preachers and catechists. The desert demands what it had in the early days—monastic foundations which by their very existence and nature set the example of a faith expressed in terms of life. This the Père de Foucauld understood very well. Some day others will follow him.

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REFLECTIONS UPON ART

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

The Catholic faith and art, Mr. Cram says in the following paper, once formed what was virtually a partnership advantageous to both. When this was dissolved art suffered, and the modern effort cannot be considered a satisfactory remedial step. A historical—or organic—perspective is therefore necessary especially in the domain of religious art. The present paper, to be followed next week by another progressing further into the exposition of this absorbing subject, forms part of a volume soon to appear in the Calvert Series, which is published by the Macmillan Company.—The Editors.

IN ITS function as an organism, the Catholic Church has concerned itself directly with art only to a minor degree. Councils and synods have found their concern in other and more obvious duties and considerations. Only in most recent years have Popes or other members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy issued admonitions or instructions in aesthetic matters, while it has been left to secular, and generally infidel philosophers to essay a definition of beauty and of art and to analyze the methods of artistic operation. Beauty was recognized as the best that could be seen, heard or created, art as the best way of doing a beautiful thing. Beauty was gratefully accepted as a very special gift of God, and art was fostered because it somehow, and mysteriously, glorified material things so that they seemed less unworthy to offer to God, and because it furnished a new and eloquent language for the expression and communication of spiritual truths, and was vastly useful in spreading and enforcing the Catholic faith. Art was not a thing apart, in a category by itself, it was a necessary part of life, a thing accepted as instinctively as eating and sleeping, fighting and love. It belonged to everybody, a sort of "natural right"—more solidly based and more easily defended as such than some other devices that have borne the name in later times. There was no such thing as an "artist" in the modern sense of the term; the creators of the architecture, painting, sculpture of the Christian centuries were good craftsmen with the universal innate sense of beauty, a more or less unconscious apprehension of spiritual values and a capacity for expressing them symbolically superior to that possessed by their fellows. William of Volpiano and Abbot Suger and William of Wykeham were just as good architects as Eudes of Montreuil or William of Sens or Juan Gil de Hontañon; the Van Eycks accepted a contract to paint the statues on a town hall as cheerfully as an order for an altar-piece, and Cimabue wrought a majestas as instinctively as his successor today turns out the cover for a popular magazine, an advertisement of an automobile or a piece of still life. As Christian art was one of the greatest of arts it was for a thousand years almost without self-consciousness, and the Church accepted and used it—and therefore fostered it—in the same sense.

With the renaissance all this was changed, and from the fifteenth century on we have the modern era (not of course "modernism"). But up to then art was simply doing things beautifully and therefore as well as possible, and the Church as an organic entity concerned itself no more with the theory and the philosophy of art, or with its furtherance as an independent profession, than it did with the theory and practice and furtherance of any other of the numerous factors which are essential to human existence.

The relationship of Catholicism—the religion and philosophy and way of life—to art is a very different matter. Here we find so close a linking that to all intents the two almost become one. For fifteen centuries Christianity and Catholicism were synonymous terms, for the schism of the eastern patriarchates effected only a severance of administrations; the religion, except in point of a few dogmatic details, remained the same. From the date of the emancipation of the Church under Constantine, A. D. 311, the Catholic religion took over the existing arts, smote them into its very body and soul, and began its great work of transforming them into its own spiritual image. What it did was to accept the arts as they then stood, give them a new content, give them little by little new and ever-changing forms, give them finally a new work to do in that they became almost sacramental in character and were called upon to play their part in the symbolical expression of the loftiest and most tenuous spiritual values, and the communication of these among men.

The transformation in character was revolutionary. Hitherto in the art of Egypt and of Greece beauty in line and form, together with the sacrificial factor of laborious and perfect manual craftsmanship, had been used, when employed for religious ends, to express symbolically the majesty and the superhuman quality of the high gods and their celestial regimen. The appeal was in a way intellectual rather than emotional, the art expressive rather than evocative. Now, under the vitalizing influence of the Catholic sacramental system, the quality that, in its relationship to man, distinguished the Christian religion from all others, more than in any other instance, the arts absolutely changed their character, or rather added an entirely new function to those they already possessed. Pure beauty, the beauty of a Greek vase or statue, was no longer so passionately sought, nor at first was perfection of workmanship so essential a desideratum. Already out of the East had come to imperial Rome, and especially to Alexandria and Antioch, color and

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perhaps also the beginnings of a new music, with all they implied of direct emotional appeal. With them came their concomitant, mysticism, the transcending of the intellectual measure and the test of rational experience, by a higher power of assent. Hitherto, the West had been controlled by mind and will, the true land of reason and age of reason, and form was the inevitable and perfect expression of this quality. The East, on the other hand, Asia with its highest development in Persia, and adjacent lands impinging on the frontiers of the Roman empire, was the land of emotion, mystical and transcendental in its spirit, amorphous in form and method. Its natural expression was through color, including shadow and darkness, and their contrast with ever-contending light. At first these aesthetic qualities out of the Orient assumed a dominance over the exquisite and perfect form of the West, and naturally; for the religion that seized upon and used them was a religion of spiritual, of transcendental values, and the intellectual form of pagan art could not, of its very nature, operate adequately for expression or evocation. Presently, as we shall see, much of pure form was recovered and in the end the two spirits of West and East achieved a complete synthesis, the result being the perfected art-expression of Christianity in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

There is no more fascinating study than this of the consistent weaving of a new vesture for the Catholic faith out of the indestructible warp and woof of an elder art: the change and enrichment of an old language to fit new concepts and give them to the world. Here it is possible only to touch on the high spots, for the process lasted over a period of nearly a thousand years, involving the work of many races, and showing itself in every one of the many arts of man. Beginning in Syria, Anatolia and Armenia it moved westward through Byzantium to Italy, then by diverging roads into Spain, France and the Rhineland until it reached its term in Ireland, England, Scandinavia and Russia. Inherited artistic tradition and the vestiges of old centuries, the bent of racial stocks, climatic conditions and material circumstances all played their part in the great transformation, while social, economic, commercial and political evolution was working always as a constant and conditioning influence. Over all and through all, however, was the energizing and directing force of the Catholic religion and while the forms of the arts were taking shape largely as the result of the operation of the above-named forces, it was the universal religion that was determining the content, the indwelling spirit, and inevitably molding material elements to its will. There is no more an "economic basis" for the growth and determination of Christian art than there is for human history. This is one element, but one only, and that by no means the most important. Christian art from Constantine to Lorenzo de Medici is so exactly the child and the counterpart of the Catholic religion in its various vicissitudes that it is almost true to say that it is a coördinate and indispensable part thereof.

So long as this religion was both vigorous and pervasive, the art it transformed was never at rest. Style followed style, one merging into another in the never-ending search for the attainment of the undefined by uncomprehended and ever-changing roads. The only parallel to the ceaseless and creative activity that showed itself in the evolution of Christian art from the sixth to the sixteenth century is our contemporary technological development, but while there is similarity in nature there is diversity in impulse and motive. Today we use the intellect and the fruits of the intellect for the attainment of material ends; then they strove by the use of the sensuous to achieve the supersensuous.

The last century has seen an almost complete transformation in society, in its mechanism, the tools with which it works, and in its motives, its mental processes and even its ethical standards. The material side of life experienced no very drastic changes, achieved no very important accessions between the reign of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Queen Victoria. Everything that conditions life today, in its material aspect, all those things that have made possible an amazing technological civilization, are the product of a space of time within the memory of men not yet eighty years old. The reconstruction of the world is almost as complete as that which took place cataclysmically and in a strange secrecy some four thousand years before the Christian era, drawing a line of demarkation between Neolithic man and the man of the historic period. Neither the Dorian invasions, the fall of Rome, the renaissance nor the French Revolution have marked essential transformations in society comparable with what has happened in our own time.

Certainly this great transformation should show itself through an adequate art, but as a matter of fact it did not for a very long period, and the old forms were used in the clumsiest sort of way, being arbitrarily imposed on an alien and unsympathetic base. For example the earlier American skyscrapers took the general form of a mediaeval church tower, of incredible dimensions, and were overlaid with "Gothic" detail produced by mechanical means. All the arts of the late nineteenth century except music were retrospective, archaeological—romanticist, pre-Raphaelite, neo-Gothic—and the attempt at an artistic revival after the sterility of the preceding century found itself involved in an almost complete artificiality.

"Modernism" tried logically to correct this, to create an art that fitted a technological, materialistic, despiritualized society, and in a way it succeeded. Jazz music, futurism in painting, cubism in sculpture, modernism in architecture, free verse—all these things relate themselves to contemporary life, and nowhere more intimately than in their severance from all precedent, their denial of any fundamental law, and their essential ugliness. The weak point in the whole thing

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was the assumption that there were no values existing other than the new ones created by modernist society. The old values, existing regardless of temporal change, and from time immemorial, home, education, religion, these things and many others besides, were ignored as vital factors, with their own laws, their lasting traditions, their demand for a different artistic expression, and the attempt was made to involve them in an art, so to speak, which, however intimately it might relate itself to the new technological society, had nothing whatever to do with them.

This was particularly true of religion, and above all of Catholicism, for very evident reasons. The Catholic faith rests on an immovable basis, it is not subject to the changes and vicissitudes of human society, however patient it may be of folly and weakness and unwisdom. Being the witness of revealed truth and the one continuous force in the midst of whirling eddies of chance and change, it can go only to a certain limit in its acceptance of whims and fashions. Its art, which is its visible manifestation, may be Constantinian Byzantine, Lombard, Romanesque, Norman, Gothic, Renaissance, depending on race, temper, inclination of its adherents, but in its essentials, its fundamental principles, it is always the same. This is why it can have no part in the modernist art of the time, which has cut the cord of continuity that reached unbroken from the art of 3000 B. C. through to the early renaissance, and, though with raveling threads and weakening strands, down to only a generation or two ago.

To use the forms of Catholic art, however distorted and desecrated, to express what we know as modernism, is foolish and illogical, but to use the forms of modernist art to express the Catholic faith is not only foolish and illogical, it is sacrilegious as well.

The attempt is being made to force this by the protagonists of modern art, particularly in France, and in a few cases they have achieved the coöperation of the ecclesiastical authorities. There are a half-dozen churches in France, a few in Germany and thus far one only in the United States which are couched in this explicitly anti-Christian style, while in painting, sculpture, stained glass and metal work the infiltration has been more insidious and pervasive. It is so vicious a principle, so irrational in theory and so repellent in its results that we need, I think, have little fear that it will continue more than for a very brief space of time. The French churches to which I refer are not only offensive to the Catholic spirit and manifestly hideous, they are also laughable, and ridicule often destroys where instinct and reason cannot correct.

This unfortunate and misleading episode can be considered no more than this. It represents the personal idiosyncrasy of an individual priest here and there and cannot be interpreted as expressing in any degree the tendency of the Catholic Church. It does not interrupt the steady progress in the recovery of good and significant art that is increasingly evident in England, some parts of Scandinavia and particularly in the United States. More than thirty years ago in England the lead of the Established Church was followed and as soon as Roman Catholic churches were needed and could be built, they came into existence and of as high a degree of excellence as held in the case of their Anglican rivals. This was largely due, from a professional standpoint, to three great Catholic architects, Bentley, Stokes and Sir Giles Scott. It can hardly be said that the other arts have followed suit in any comparable degree, the right sort of religious painting and sculpture being still far to seek, though stained glass has long held a high place and metal work, wood-carving and embroidery as well.

In the United States the recovery is more striking because it is the result of so brief a space of time, while its achievements are equally great. Thirty years ago, Catholic art in this country was at the lowest level ever achieved in any time or place. Whether it was architecture, painting, sculpture, the artist crafts, music or ceremonial it was all irredeemably bad, and the worst of the situation was that apparently no one cared. No bishop took the faintest interest in the matter, no priest, no member of any religious order. Apparently they all liked what they got and thought it good. It was quite on a level with current Methodist and Baptist practice, in some respects even worse, since the opportunities were greater, while the justification that could be urged in the case of Protestant work could not hold here. A generation has seen an amazing change. While in Canada the worst traditions and practices still largely obtain, partly because of the French affiliations of the Church (no French architect for three centuries has had the faintest idea what constituted the art of Christianity) in the United States, Catholic architecture, largely at the instigation of men like John Comes and C. D. Maginnis (both Catholics) has taken almost the foremost place, certainly comparable with that of the Episcopal Church which for so long stood in the lead, and the Presbyterian, which has recently shown the highest ideals and demanded the best results. Moreover, many members of the hierarchy, together with innumerable priests and members of religious orders, now take the keenest interest in all matters pertaining to Christian art, and while here, as in England, the other arts lag behind architecture, the demand for these has made itself audible and there are signs that they may shortly develop.

The Angler

He caught a phrase as one would catch a trout
And played it zestfully round and about.

He watched its iridescent beauty shine,
A spray of color tangled on a line.

He drew it netward with a gesture deft,
Tamed to his will, without a wiggle left!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

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THE CASE FOR TARIFF REVISION

By JOHN CARTER

IT IS twenty years since the country has witnessed a good, old-fashioned tariff fight. Not since the Payne-Aldrich bill of the Taft administration has the Republican party felt constrained to revise a Republican tariff. All signs point to a development according to Hoyle: the House bill passed after a struggle, the Senate rewriting the bill by "amendments," a wearisome joint committee wrangling through the dog days, and finally presenting a measure which, by trying to placate every interest in the country, satisfies nobody. The manufacturer will want higher rates on manufactures and raw materials on the free list; the farmer will want lower rates on manufactures and high rates on agricultural produce; the importer and the international banker will want lower rates all round; the labor leaders will want higher rates and so on.

Already the anvil chorus of criticism and denunciation of the bill introduced by Chairman Hawley of the House Ways and Means Committee has begun, and there is every reason to suppose that in the coming furore both sides will forget that there ever was a bona fide case for tariff revision on a restricted scale. The demands of the 100-percent protectionists and the clamor of the importer-banker group will obscure the fact that the present Fordney tariff—passed in the midst of post-war reconstruction—has had six years in which to test the current validity of the protectionist dogma and has done so successfully, but that its inadequacy in some directions unquestionably needs to be remedied.

In general, the case for tariff revision is identical with the general case for protection. Protection is a political barrier set up against the wildly ungovernable forces of supply and demand. People who can remember the bankruptcies and unemployment of the 1920-1921 deflation may conclude that some brake on untrammeled economic forces is necessary. So long as society fails to master the ghastly paradox of industrialism—overproduction and unemployment—such a brake as that supplied by a protective tariff is simply self-preservation.

From the academic economist's point of view, of course, protection is indefensible. The economist believes that where one man can do a thing more efficiently than another, he should do it, and that when one nation can produce more cheaply than another, the latter should close up shop. However, when it comes to telling a man or a nation that it is inefficient and must therefore starve, that is something different and difficult. Men and nations hardly ever starve quietly. The politician and the statesmen intervene in the grisly perfection of economic law and try to see that they do not pay the full penalty for inefficiency. A protective tariff is their favorite device; uneconomic, no doubt—but it works.

Then again, the case of the United States is peculiar. It contains the largest cash market in the world. The product which cannot be sold in this ninety-billion-dollar market is yet to be found. Foreign merchandise entering the United States may have to pay a high admission fee, but it gets a run for its money. When goods are imported into France or Germany or Great Britain, they are like the patrons of a one-ring circus, with a limited number of side-shows. The show may be good—but there isn't any more. Here the foreign product gets under the canvas of "the greatest show on earth," commercially speaking. The ticket costs a little more but there are five rings, trained seals, performing elephants, clowns and fat ladies galore. In short, imported goods in this country get the run of the most important free-trade area on the face of the globe, and they have to be pretty poor to fail to pay their way.

That this is true may be easily checked by anyone who will take the trouble to ascertain the prices asked—and received—for imported goods in any large American store. If he compares that price with the foreign wholesale price, cost of transportation and duty, he will probably decide to go into the importing business for himself. Take shoes, for example, which happen to be on the free list. You can get a pair of very good English shoes, retail, in London for $6.00 or $7.00; try to buy the same shoes in New York and the price will be $15.00—and there is no duty, while water transportation costs little more from London than does the rail transportation from St. Louis normally paid on American shoes.

The real tariff on imported merchandise is collected after it has passed the Custom-House. Anything from 50 percent profit up is the rule, and this profit is charged against the duty paid as well as upon the cost of the product. There is a case on record of an importer of watches who last year, on a capital of $250,000, made a profit of $2,500,000. No matter what the cost or the intrinsic value of foreign goods, the rule of the importer is to charge all that the traffic will bear, and to limit his profits only by the law of diminishing returns.

The philosophy of the new tariff bill is simple. It goes beyond the earlier idea of putting raw materials on the free list and putting a high duty on manufactured goods. It recognizes that there are certain types of goods—watches, for example—in which this country cannot hope to match the accumulated craftsmanship of the European nations. In this country, as an instance, there are several good watches—say, Waltham and Hamilton—which compare very favorably

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to comparable Swiss watches, in price, workmanship and performance. On the other hand, we cannot match the small and exquisitely constructed instruments which the Swiss workmen, among whom the trade is a lifetime career and a family tradition, are equipped to make. The effect of the new graduated rates is to squeeze out the inferior Swiss watches and watch movements which have been demoralizing the American market for moderately priced watches, and to stimulate the importation of the better Swiss watches. In this way, the new tariff may enable this country to profit by the high quality of European craftsmanship without injury to our own rank-and-file production.

The fundamental characteristic of the new tariff is, of course, protection on farm produce. Nobody knows yet whether this protection will serve its purpose. The farmers believe—or hope—that it will help them secure a better market for their crops. Economists who consider the fact that our farmers produce an exportable surplus and that the price of this surplus is determined by the world price, are inclined to doubt that a tariff on corn and wheat can help the corn belt or the prairies to make both ends of the mortgage meet. At best, it is an experiment, noble in motive; at worst, it will enable the middleman and the retailer to charge the consumer a few cents more. At all events, the beet-sugar producers have had the raw sugar duty boosted from $.022 to $.03 a pound. The sheep farmers have had the rate on raw wool raised from $.31 to $.34 a pound. Meat of all sorts is up; fish is up; milk is up; corn and rice are up; wheat is stabilized at $.42 a bushel—an effective guarantee of dollar wheat or better to the farmer, for foreign wheat can scarcely be delivered at our elevators under $.60 a bushel.

The tariff on agricultural products, moreover, by extending increased protection to truck vegetables of all kinds, sets a premium on diversified farming which may induce the one-crop farmers in the South and Middle-West to reduce their production of exportable food, thereby raising the price of the staples. It may sound hard on the consumers, but it is no more unreasonable than the English Corn Laws of a century ago or the current French practice of levying "octroi" duties on the food brought into French cities. If the new duties help the farmers out of their slough of economic despondency and political self-pity, the new tariff will be more than justified; if they do not, there will always remain expedients like the export debenture scheme or the now unpopular equalization fee to fall back on as a substitute.

The industrial side of the schedule is far more easy to analyze than the agricultural. It is obvious that no protective tariff can work well indefinitely. In six years of the Fordney tariff, several inadequacies have been revealed. For example, it was a simple invitation to deforestation for us to levy a duty on lumber but not to levy a duty on shingles, boards, etc. Certain commodities on the free list such as bricks, were being brought here in ballast and so dumped on the market duty free; concrete similarly was beginning to make inroads on our eastern markets. New duties on bricks and concrete were imposed. The chemical industries —vital to national health, defense and industrial and agricultural progress—are suddenly being faced with a renewed competition from the German "I. G.," acting in collaboration with an American company, and from the British Imperial Chemicals, Limited. So the chemical rates go up. It is an American political axiom that the woolen schedule will have to be raised whenever any duties are raised, so naturally the rates on every form of woolen goods, blankets, clothing, etc., as well as raw wool, are up. The New England cotton industry has been having a hard time against the competition of new English weaves. The new rates on cotton goods are levied on a more scientific basis and may help the languishing mills of Fall River and New Bedford.

One anomaly begins to make its appearance in this proposed revision, an anomaly which reflects the economic character of the United States. We are not only a great industrial nation but a great producer and exporter of raw materials. To become industrial, we clapped duties on manufactured products and left raw materials on the free list. Our industrial prosperity was fostered by the tariff, and the prices of manufactured goods reflected tariff protection. Our raw materials, however, continued to sell for world prices. The result was continued distress among the producers of raw materials, of whom the farmers were the most vociferous but who include the miners, lumber men, and such. Now we are brightly engaged in taxing both raw materials and finished manufactures. It is in this direction that economic isolation if not economic madness lies.

In fact, there is a growing feeling in administrative circles—and not solely among the ice-blooded breed of economic experts—that the United States is rapidly approaching the "ceiling" of tariff protection. While our foreign trade of $9,000,000,000 a year is less than 10 percent of our total domestic trade, yet even 1 percent may make the difference between profit and loss. For example, if our film and automotive industries were cut off from their foreign markets, the result would be a very serious business depression. At the same time, this trifling $9,000,000,000 is a very appreciable element of world trade, and plays a far larger part in the economic life of other nations than it does in our own.

When, therefore, we raise the tariff we are beginning to endanger the purchasing power of our customers. Threats of retaliation and discrimination against our goods may be taken with a grain of salt. Nobody buys from us just because they love us, but because they need our goods and because our goods are reasonably priced and serviceable. Nobody supposes, at the same time, that we buy Argentine meat

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because we adore the Argentine, that we buy Cuban sugar because of our affection for the Cubans, that we buy a large share of the Australian wool crop because we like the Australians, or that our heavy purchases of silk represent the measure of our respect for the good qualities of the Japanese people. In the same way, the French, Germans, English and Belgians are not going to stop buying our petroleum, cotton, wheat and copper simply because they are angered by our tariff rates.

What is more likely to happen is that, by cutting down our purchases of foreign goods, we may be injuring the ability of foreign nations to purchase American goods. It is for this reason that the course of the present tariff bill through Congress is being watched with anxious eyes in the Departments of State and Commerce, as well as in banks and importing houses. If the new tariff demonstrates to the public mind and to its representatives in Congress that there is a practical limit to a protective tariff, it will be worth the entire special session of Congress and a couple of presidential messages.

Nobody knows what that limit is. Our brief experience of the Underwood tariff before and after the war is clear warning that there is a lower limit, in the dear departed tariff-for-revenue-only theory. But there has never been a clear demonstration in American history of what, if anything, is the upper limit of the protective tariff. The present bill merely sets out to correct some administrative faults of the Fordney act, and to give protection to farm products and to a few selected industrial commodities. Where it will end, only time and the Senate can tell. Between the present project and the final law lies one of those periods of political struggle and economic stress which we call a tariff fight. Tariff fights can make or break Presidents and parties, shape American political history and affect the destiny of nations. This one should be as violent as it is unnecessary, in the light of the very modest revision justified by the facts.

BLARNEY CASTLE

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE best way to get to Blarney Castle is to walk there—to walk there, I mean, from the town of Cork. You will go to Patrick's Bridge. You will walk along the quays. You will pass Shandon church whose bells a poet has made famous. You will come to a second bridge. Then you will turn up Blarney Street. You will go on until you come to a place named Clougheen. And the valley which Blarney Castle dominated is then before you.

But you should stay for a while upon Patrick's Bridge and take in the scene and the people. Across the way stands Shandon church with its turret, of which the poem says:

> White and brown is Shandon's steeple,
> Parti-colored like the people.

Two sides of the turret is of white stone, two of brown stone. The white stone is in the embankment of the river; the Lee flows along quays built of limestone. This, the central part of Cork, is a very little way from the countryside. Turn off the bridge along the quayside and the ass cart filled with cabbages, the country cart loaded with peat, are the vehicles you see. Gulls are flying over the river. And the people who give Ireland her journalists, schoolmasters and civil servants are passing by busy with the commonplaces of life.

They are a merchant-folk primarily—ready of tongue, shrewd of mind, good at bargaining. They have soft and rippling speech and are ready to engage in long conversations with one another. Lots of young men seem to be detached from any employments—strolling about, or pushing barrows, or carrying baskets. Several monks pass, brown-garbed and with sandals on their feet. Sometimes one sees an old woman who has on the voluminous hooded cloak that was worn everywhere in Munster a century ago. The girls look as if they all had personality—a fresh, clear but unvivid personality; the younger they are the prettier they are; the girls seem to be at their prettiest around fourteen. But when you go along the quaysides and come to the second bridge you see more of the folk-life of Cork. They are real types, these old women who are selling gooseberries, apples, blackthorn sticks. I went to buy withered apples from one of them. Both she and her charming granddaughter were so eager to serve that I bought gooseberries, too; they measured them out for me in a pewter mug, and I'm sure they gave me an extra ha'penny worth for good measure. And so, eating gooseberries, I turned up Blarney Street.

'Tis a long street that begins in an undistinguished part of the town and ends as a lane in a mean part. But soon I am out of the town and in the county of Cork. Clougheen—"the little stones"—is not a village; there is a church there, a few houses, a pump, and that is all. And the road to Blarney stretches before me.

I go to Blarney by fields that are the greenest of all the green fields of Eirinn. Yonder field is a green mirror for the clouds to make shadows upon. And I pass a field that has yellow dandelions and grass so soft and smooth that I think that only the cattle of a king have any right to graze there—no other cattle would be worthy of such a sward. Passing these fields I come to Blarney village with its factory—a dull little

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place. And then I go through the gate and enter the grounds of Blarney's old castle—grounds overgrown with shrubs.

Near the gate, under the trees, with a shawl over her head for shelter from the showers, is a simple-faced old woman. She returns my salutation, and I go over to talk to her. She has a simple and rambling mind. She tells me that her husband was employed on this property, and that she has permission to come here and sit under the trees. She likes the air here and she likes to watch the flowing water. She does not say it to me, but I gather from her rambling allusions that she nurses the hope that some of the visitors will make her some sort of offering—something that would give her an allowance of tea or snuff or tobacco. There are wild children in the house she lives in; there are bad neighbors all around her; she does not sleep. So she likes being here, within the gate and under the trees. And over and over again she tells me that she likes to watch the flowing water from where she sits. There are handsome trout in that stream that never were caught and that never can be caught. She tells me a legend of the castle that has as much to recommend it as any of the half-dozen legends that are current. And as I go away from her she says, "May God carry you every road safe."

The castle is built on a shelf of the rock that dominates the valley. I get to the top of the keep—about a hundred feet up. And there I come on a group who are not ordinary visitors: a personage whom I take to be an Indian prince is kissing the stone by proxy—a servitor is hanging down the wall to lip it. From the top of the keep I look on the green lawns that are all around—Blarney has nothing to show better than these. Except, perhaps, a yew tree that grows out of a tier of the rock on which the Castle is built. It bends outward and some of its branches grow toward the ground: these are bare. The branches that are lifted up have constant movement like waves—dark green, feathery branches waving against rock and wall. There it grows, blended somehow with rock and ruin, like some unused image that has come spontaneously into a poet's verse.

The legend of the Castle that my old woman told me had to do with water and a fairy woman, and although the woman in it is old, not young, is, I imagine a fragment of a Melusina story. The king of Munster saved an old woman who was about to drown in the lake. She had nothing to give him by way of reward. She told him, however, that if he would mount the topmost wall of his Castle, and kiss a stone which she described to him, he would gain a speech that would win friend or foe, man or woman to him. There is a lake that might well be the scene for an encounter with a Melusina: it is about a mile from the Castle.

But, as the friend who meets me here, a poet and a scholar, reminds me, Blarney was famous for its groves before its stone and its lake were ever heard of. The place-name itself means "groves." And it is for its groves that Blarney is celebrated in what is the most diverting of Irish poems. As we walk among the trees my poet friend from Cork, Frank O'Connor, repeats the poem and comments upon it. Imitations of Gaelic verse, he holds, should not be intentional; there should be no striving for the effect of Gaelicism—it should come indeliberately. He instances The Bells of Shandon, written by a Latin scholar who wrote for the sake of a jest, and The Groves of Blarney, which was made up to parody a song in schoolmaster's English. The structure and the sound of Gaelic poetry are reproduced in it: the "a" sound of Blarney is woven through every stanza, but every word that has the sound seems to have gone into its place smilingly:

The groves of Blarney, they are so charming
Down by the purling of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there the daisy and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
The daffydowndilly, likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation,
For emulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plove in the afternoon;
And if a lady would be so engaging
As to walk alone in these shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier he may transport her
Into some fort or all underground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
But cats and badgers are forever bred;
Being mossed by nature that makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six or a feather bed.
'Tis there the lake is, well stored with perches
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches
Standing in order for to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing this noble place in—
All heathen gods and nymphs so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air!
So now to finish this brief narration,
Which my poor genius could not entwine;
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis every feature I would make it twine.

This is the poem which James Stephens, as he told me once, would rather have written than anything in an Irish anthology.

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TAKING A STAND IN DIXIE

By BROADUS MITCHELL

Labor troubles in the South are new. The disturbances now centered at Elizabethton and elsewhere may, therefore, be taken as indications that the states of Dixie are approaching industrial maturity. In the background the observer sees a vast migration of business, notably textile manufacturing, from the North. The problems involved are diagnosed in the following paper by an economist who, we believe, is one of the most competent men in the South. Though the situation may change rapidly, as it gives many indications of doing, the facts here set down are as nearly contemporary as possible.—The Editors.

THE current strikes in the textile South have dispelled an illusion of the American industrial enterpriser. This was that the poor whites of the South, unlike labor elsewhere, never knew when they were put upon. They are, as has been widely advertised by southern chambers of commerce and power companies, 100 percent native born; they are Protestants and religious; they do have in the main a rural background; but they are not utterly passive. There are some fifteen thousand of them on strike now in Tennessee and the Carolinas, and those in South Carolina came out in a leaderless protest.

The causes of the strikes fall under two heads—the superficial and the underlying conditions. The strikers themselves are of more importance than the demands of the strikers. The workers are not asking for improvements chiefly, but for the maintenance of the established practices. Thus their thinking is negative, not positive. The strikes are an outburst of emotion, and not a result of planning.

The immediate occasion has been the multiple loom or, as called in the South, the stretch-out system. It was introduced by northern employers who have entered the South in the last half-decade. It is a method of speeding up work by requiring weavers to operate more looms—in an extreme case 124 instead of eighteen as a few years before. Everyone allows that this policy was inaugurated without tact. To set a northern efficiency man with a stop-watch to calculate the wasted time of a southern operative without previous consultation was almost certain to lead to indignation on the part of the operative, particularly when it resulted in a conspicuous increase of his work with little increase of his wages. Employers are now paying the price of thoughtlessness in the method of instituting the scheme, and of unfairness in distribution of the benefits.

Workers in the rayon mills at Elizabethton, Tennessee, want a few dollars a week more, and those at Gastonia, North Carolina, besides abolition of the stretch-out scheme, are ostensibly asking for a minimum wage of $20.00 per week, but strikers in South Carolina make no protest against rates or hours. In view of these facts it may appear inconsistent to give superior importance to low pay and long hours, and yet these have been the occasion of restiveness and will be one of the determining considerations in the history of American textiles in the next few years.

The southern textile industry—in cotton and rayon, in spinning, weaving, knitting and finishing—has grown astonishingly in the last few years because of both expansion from within and migration of factories from the North. The latter has been one of the most conspicuous drifts in the whole history of industry. The latest government figures (for 1927, but just released in preliminary form) show that in cotton manufactures alone the cotton-growing states had 61.9 percent of the establishments of the country (59.2 in 1925) 60.2 percent of the number of wage-earners (55.5 in 1925) and turned out 57.5 percent of the products in value (54.2 percent in 1925). The cotton-growing states have certainly half of the spindles in place in the United States (48 percent in 1926) and well over half the active spindles (57 percent in 1926).

The South consumes about 30 percent of its own cotton crop, or two-thirds of the total consumption of American cotton by American mills. Between 1925 and 1927 the New England states lost 9,312 cotton mill operatives, and the South gained 34,416. North Carolina, the leading southern state, has 5,000 more operatives than Massachusetts, the leading New England state, and products worth $25,000,000 more. In addition, $100,000,000 has been invested in rayon plants in the South—mostly in Virginia, Tennessee and West Virginia—within the last few years.

The progressive decay of the cotton manufacturing industry in New England and the middle states, and the migration of mills to the South, is principally due to low wages and long hours below the Potomac. The average earnings of the southern operative in 1927 (the latest complete figures) were $637.17 a year or $12.94 a week. Hourly rates for the four leading southern states were, in 1926 (according to samples collected by the government) in North Carolina $.28, South Carolina $.25, Georgia $.25, Alabama $.24. Northern earnings in 1926 were 55 percent higher than those in the South, despite a shorter working week. The study last quoted shows that average full-time hours in the five leading southern states were 55.58, and in the five leading New England States were 51.24. The legal limit in North Carolina and Georgia is sixty hours per week, in South Carolina is fifty-five hours and Alabama has no legal limit. No southern state forbids night work for women, and the eleven-hour day and twelve-hour night are common. Of fifteen Georgia mills reporting in 1926, six

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worked eleven hours five days and five hours on Saturday, and six of forty-seven reporting in North Carolina did the same. Massachusetts, the New England state hardest hit by the southward migration, permits only forty-eight hours a week and no night work for women. Southern children fourteen and over may, with a minor exception in North Carolina, work the hours of adults.

Consequently, it costs less to manufacture cotton in the South than in the North. In a typical southern mill running fifty-five hours, in 1926, the cost of manufacture was 16.8 percent less than in a Massachusetts mill running forty-eight hours; this is $6.73 per spindle, of which $4.53 is attributable to saving in labor. If the southern mill maintains a company-owned village, the saving is still 14 percent. According to the same estimate, that of Messrs. Main and Gunby, the southern mill saved 33 percent in taxes, the same in power, and 25 percent in maintenance.

All of the southern mill operatives have a rural background. They are the poor whites, ejected by slavery from economic participation. Those in the rayon plants of Elizabethton are working in factories for the first time; many of them still drive to and from their mountain homes daily. Those in the Carolinas have for the most part been in the mills for several generations, and a larger proportion than in Tennessee come from the lowlands. The striking workers in Tennessee have joined the United Textile Workers to the number of 3,500. This union has several advantages—long, but sad, experience in the South; affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, a foothold in the North, and good discipline. Mainly for these reasons it is less bold than the National Textile Workers' Union which is guiding the strikes in North Carolina, centering in the Loray mill (owned by northern capital). This union is Communist in inspiration, and has presented demands for a forty-hour, five-day week, a minimum wage of $20.00 and, of course, recognition of the union, besides abolition of the stretch-out. The United Textile Workers are sending southern men as organizers among the South Carolina strikers, who previously have had no outside leadership. Troops have been used in Tennessee and North Carolina, but the only violence that has occurred anywhere has been on the part of deputy sheriffs and so-called "law and order" forces.

Whether or not the strikers get their demands at this moment is less important than whether unionism gets a new start in the South. This is not the first attempt at organization of the southern factory hands. At intervals from 1898 to 1921 there were organizations and strikes; in the latter year (after which almost complete subsidence of unionism followed) there were about 9,000 out, almost as many as at present. The strikes which have taken place in the last six weeks have shown that the southern worm will turn, and this has given comfort to northern manufacturers, who begin to sing that the southern labor honeymoon is over. If unionism can consolidate its position, the southward trek will be noticeably slackened.

The likelihood is that when the smoke clears a large local of the United Textile Workers will be found at Elizabethton, with defeats elsewhere. Nevertheless, these strikes will have been everywhere successful. Already they have rung the knell of the grosser forms of exploitation of the southern mill operative. Publicity far greater than labor protests in the southern states ever had before has lit up what was being done in a corner. Southerners aware of the low labor standards prevailing in the section, who have been trying for years to get the facts out, now find valuable allies.

To such students and friends of southern industry a little epoch was marked by the report of the South Carolina legislative committee, albeit the chairman is the president of the State Federation of Labor, to the effect that the true cause of the strikes is overwork and underpay of the people. This legislature had not been distinguished for frank statement before. Now that the seesaw of competition between northern and southern mills has been tipped in favor of the South, and it is demonstrated that this is to be the predominant seat of the industry, obstacles to national recognition of the submerged state of the southern operative are removed. Formerly the southern mill man, with great local influence over press and pulpit and politics, entered no campaign for labor improvement. Protests from eastern manufacturers were confined to attempts to lower labor standards in New England; there was no real attempt to save the situation in the North by bettering conditions in the South, partly because many enterprisers had sails all set for flight to the South, and did not want to see waves kicked up in the new haven they had determined upon.

Now that the majority of the mills are in the South, and competition within the section will be ever keener, inhibitions will be removed. In the present state of cotton manufacture, what with the entrance of rayon and the enormous diminution in quantity of cotton goods worn by women, coupled with the growing ability of the far East to supply its own needs, the struggle of the individual plant for survival will be active. Northern and southern managements within the South will not be able to work together in presenting a united front against labor and against public opinion. Employers of the two sections have been organized in separate associations, the relations between which have not always been friendly. These enmities will increase rather than diminish now that individuals of the two groups are bedfellows.

Furthermore, there is coming to be a plethora of cotton mills in the South, and the anxiety to capture new ones will turn to suspicion of adventurers from the North who come down to profit by low wages and long hours in the South. Competition for the most skilled and steady labor will be brisk, and the proportion of "floating" workers, which has been a bar to unionism, will diminish. Fewer company-owned vil-

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lages will be built; these have fostered the "welfare offensive" of the employers. Workers living in the general community will not be so stall-fed, and will own their houses and develop other ties to hold them in one place. Overproduction is already calling up a demand on the part of the employers for abolition of one of the abuses of the industry, night work. The poor whites in the mills are becoming literate; in the present strikes the United Textile Workers has been impressed with the fact that whereas fifteen years ago many more than half those who joined had to make their marks, the great majority now can write. This in itself forecasts an end of economic passivity on the part of the workers.

All in all, a change is arriving in public opinion. Editors of southern textile trade papers who have in the past been nefariously or, at best blindly, partizan, are now intimating that employers in the stretch-out system have pushed their workers too hard, and are in danger of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. North Carolina has just passed an excellent workmen's compensation act. This was rendered possible partly through the activity of professors in state schools, which are deserting the classics for the study of industry and business, and are alert to local conditions. The fact that important southern states voted Republican, North Carolina and Tennessee among them, has worked an emancipation of mind. New and varied industries are developing in the South—paper, furniture, cement, iron and steel—and these will dissipate the cotton mills' grip on labor and legislative protection.

The steel strike of 1919-1920 was lost, but public opinion won many of the workers' demands. The twelve-hour day and seven-day week, formerly defended with confidence on every ground, were doomed through publicity. So from this time on in the textile South there will be more and more concessions by employers. Wider breaches will present themselves to the entrance of labor organization, and another industrial swamp will be gradually drained.

Perspective

Prostrate on the shoulder of this rock, itself shouldered
on the mountains, the shoulders of the world,
You can be carried past all the stars that tread on
each other, but you cannot see them in the morning
of the blue day.
You can see how it is with running waters, how crows
and humming-birds come and go,
How wheat is born in a thousand fields, and how a
harvest dies.
Fuzzy little blurs on the horizon are forests, or cities,
and beyond them are other forests and cities, cities
and empires, ruins and oracles, the void and
pleroma and the simplicity of God.
Sometimes a dead oak leaf will swiftly fall, imprinting
a kiss on your forgetful mouth, or covering your
unavailing eyes.

HUGH DE BURGH.

A MEDIAEVAL MONASTERY

By J. R. CLEMENS

D. XII Nomina Monachoram vivorum et mortuorum Ecclesie Xri. Cant. a tempore exilii eorum 1207 ad annum 1533. Obituarium Monachorum Ecclesie Xri. ab anno 1286 ad 1507. Nomina 161 Majorum Civitatis Cantuar. ab anno 1449.

THIS is a parchment book of thirty-six folios of octavo size, in which, written in double column, are contained the names of all the monks admitted to Christ Church between the years named; beginning with those who returned from exile in France, and ending with three novices received by Abbot Cranmer. The first section was compiled by Robert Cawston, a Canterbury monk, in 1468, and hence the book, which gives both the date of admission and of death, has been cited as "Cawston's Duplex." Cawston's portion is a bare catalogue of dates, but the part written by several hands after his day gives fuller information as to the preliminary reception of the tonsure, followed by the solemn profession which was tendered by the novice to the abbot or the monk who acted as his deputy.

An obituary occupying twenty folios follows the list of initiations and extends from 1286 to 1517. Up to the year 1354 nothing, in most cases, beyond a name and a date are set down, but after that time the record seems to have been posted by successive custodians of the register, who whenever a death occurred among the brethren added the name of the defunct to the roll, accompanied by some description of his good qualities, and a full statement of the ceremonies by which the moribund monk was surrounded, and the services—more or less protracted in proportion to his rank—which were performed in his honor after his decease. The personal character of the defunct, his knowledge of worldly business, his venerable age, his skill in art, even in one case his stammering speech, are so carefully noted that it is clear that in these short notices the writers' personal knowledge enabled them to fill up with lively colors the ordinary scanty outline of an obituary. In one instance the writer expressly claims to have such a personal knowledge, thus:

When Roger Walden was removed from the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury to make room for Abbot Arundel, returning from exile, he was transferred to the bishopric of London, and his installation by Prior Chillenden of Canterbury took place on the day of the Conversion of Saint Paul, upon which festival it was the custom for the bishop and all his canons to walk in procession wearing garlands of red roses. The ceremony being strange to the monk who wrote the obituary notice of Prior Chillenden, perhaps thinking that the statement of so unusual a circumstance required confirmation, he adds, "qui vidit ista et interfuit testimonium perhibet de his, et scripsit hec."

By the great pestilence of 1348-1349, the community, about eighty in number, lost only four of its members, a number proportionately so small that it instantly calls to our mind that the monastery was supplied with pure water, brought by closed pipes from the hills on the northeast side of the city. In the Abbey of Meaux, a community of fifty monks and ten novices, forty of the monks and all of the novices perished in this epidemic.

Employing such data as are here found, we obtain considerable information bearing upon the vital statistics of a mediaeval monastery. Thus we learn that the average age at profession was 15.5 years; the average duration of monastic life was 33.5 years; the average age at death was therefore 50 years. Out

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of 100 cases taken without selection from the record, 33 died from pestilence; 1 by accident (a fall from the unfinished vaults of the nave); 10 from phthisis (consumption); 3 from sudden seizure; 2 from empematis (i. e., Tussis et le Murra"); 1 from atrophy; 29 from chronic diseases of old age; 3 from Passio Asthmatica (all occurring in October, 1420); 3 from abscess; 5 from dropsy; 3 from strangury; 3 from paralysis; 2 from pleurisy; 1 by suicide ("Submergebat seipsum in fonte novo orto").

One monk of Christ Church was blind for twenty years before his death, and another for four years. The youngest novice made his profession at twelve years old. The oldest candidate was one who, having filled high offices around the royal court, retired hither to spend the last three years of his life in monastic seclusion. The longest liver was Simon Sandwich, who died in 1488, aged 98 years; the shortest career was that of Gregory Winchelsey, who died of consumption, after having worn the Benedictine habit for the space of less than a year.

A considerable number of the elder monks are described as having been "stacionarii" during the last years of their lives. The stacionarius was a brother, who in consequence of his advanced years, was absolved from all the duties which were incumbent on the younger monks, and to whom a chamber in the infirmary was assigned, where he lived unrestricted by the ordinary rules of monastic austerity, but cheered by the conversation of the younger men, upon whom was laid the duty of entertaining him.

There is a report of an annual inspection of the library of the monastery. All the books absent from the shelves are recorded, and in every case the name of the person, monk or secular, who had borrowed the volume is subjoined so that the "defectus" does not indicate the loss of any one book. Two or three Lives and Miracles of Saint Thomas, Bryto (and some others) Super Bibliam, Logica Vetus and Nova, comprise about all the literary contents of the list, the large balance being made up of service books.

There is a notice of Prior Oxenden to the monks, calling on them to attend in the chapter house and each one to contribute what he can for the reformation of errors and abuses. It appears that he was bound by precedent to give the invitation, which was not unlikely to give rise to spiteful talebearing; but a clause at the end cautioning the brethren against "malicious revelations" is calculated to mitigate the harm.

Class Reunion

After ten years the class is gathering.
So much may come to pass within ten years,
So much of gladness and so much of tears,
And then again—not much of anything.

Some we thought soarers, to the home branch cling;
Some have seen life in both the hemispheres;
Some are but starting now on their careers—
And Omar's bird a decade on the wing.

O length of time Ulysses wandered in,
What have you done to make us all more wise?
When did our timid dreamer learn to win?
Where did our flirt get those madonna eyes?

Ten years at least begin to test the soul:
I think I like us better, on the whole.

ALICE GOULD.

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. MENCKEN ONCE MORE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Some months ago I read in The Commonweal a warning lest Catholics in acclaiming the attacks of Mr. Mencken on the Protestant sects may not in effect condone an attack on Christianity. Although I often see your urbane and intelligent review—considering it, indeed, the best of all our weeklies—I had failed to note any complimentary references to the American Mercury. Never reading the Mercury, I did not know that Mr. Mencken, obedient to a law of evolution with which I am perfectly familiar, had begun to flirt with the Church. It occurred to me at the time that a superficial sympathy based on a common prejudice between enlightened Catholics and Nietzschean conservatives might easily develop into a virtual alliance, detrimental, in my opinion, to the best interests of "all who profess and call themselves Christians" in this country.

In a recent editorial, The Commonweal hails Mr. Mencken half-ironically, half-affectionately, as Defender of the Faith and, with what seems a flattered complaisance, refers the reader for corroboration to the current number of the American Mercury. I have read this number and I wish that the equivocal compliments to which you refer had been rejected or ignored.

I can perhaps best explain my point of view by referring to certain aspects of the development of Catholic thought in France—choosing that field merely because I am less unfamiliar with it than with the corresponding field in America. Those defenders of Catholicism who both as Catholics and as aristocrats had suffered during the Revolution, naturally tended to overstress the authoritarian, the rigoristic values in their faith to overemphasize the necessity for discipline at the expense of freedom—and so on all along the line. But neither Maistre nor Bonald ever fell into the heresy of explicitly denying the implications of the Sermon on the Mount in the spiritual realm, while for both of them—particularly for Bonald—liberty, equality and fraternity were ideals with at least some positive implications for society.

In the course of the century, however, two heretical tendencies in Catholic thought made themselves known. On the one hand, we find a disposition to yield unreservedly to the attraction of those religious values already expressed—and deformed—in the heresy of Jacobinism, and which may be said to have found a legitimate outlet in the Social Catholic Movement. Conversely, certain analogies easily drawn between religious discipline and political conservatism, whether of the autocratic or aristocratic brand, induced a sympathy between anti-humanitarians and clericals, which, during the years of the Dreyfus case, developed into an alliance.

It will be remembered that with these years corresponded the extraordinary vogue of Nietzsche in France and that Nietzsche, identifying Christianity with those values which had been, however imperfectly, incorporated by Jacobinism, had gone so far as to call himself the anti-Christ. Adapted to the exigencies of the times by such writers as Le Bon, Seillère, Lasserre, Valois, Maurras, Nietzschean philosophy expressed itself as anti-Semitic, anti-Protestant, anti-individualist, anti-Masonic, anti-pacifist, anti-German, anti-democratic, anti-Romantic, anti-mystical, anti-idealist—and Pro-Catholic. Already anti-republican, anti-Protestant, anti-Masonic, for historical reasons; anti-individualistic, for religious reasons, and anti-Romantic by mistake—as the Abbé Brémond would

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have it—a great number of French Catholics now assumed the spiritual burden of anti-Semitism at the bidding of their new defenders, together with other anti-humanitarian baggage in no sense useful to the cause of the Church in France. In return, the neo-Nietzscheans professed an unbounded respect for the government of the Church—in fact, they openly hailed it as affording a discipline admirably adapted to the repression of precisely those movements of the human heart which make it possible under certain conditions to accept the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

Such were the ideas of the founders of the Action Française. They were, it is true, modified by two factors, one being an apparently ineradicable disposition on the part of professed immoralists to be more humane than they set out to be, the other a genuine if perverted love for what Maurras called "la déesse France." The league, comprising as it did both practising Catholics and frank Nietzscheans, necessarily presented endless opportunities for flirtations similar to that in which the editor of The Commonweal and our American Nietzsche are now engaged. To the mind of Pius XI such flirtations seemingly constituted a serious menace to faith and morals. Accordingly, since 1926 Catholics are forbidden to be members of the league, to read the books of its leaders, to take its daily newspaper.

It will be argued that France is not America—and this in advance I do admit. I admit the problem of prohibition, the futility of fundamentalism, the cussedness of the Ku Klux Klan. I admit almost everything you like, except that The Commonweal in a spirit of irritation, however natural, is justified in assuming a community of interest between Catholicism and an ism which, though not utterly devoid of Catholic values, is still far lower in the scale of heresy than Jacobinism, and far, far lower than any established Protestant sect. And I point to the experience of another country where the same assumption—developed and systematized—has led to such serious and widespread confusion of values as to provoke condemnation by the Pope.

LOUISE CAREY ROSETT.

THE "5 AND 10" LAW

Wilson, Pa.

TO the Editor:—This is an S O S from one sorely in need of friendly assurance that he still retains a shred of sanity in these piping times of peaceless good-will of zealots. My mounting bewilderment is augmented by an account in the Pittsburgh Post Gazette of a jolly little meeting held in the East End Christian Church, Pittsburgh, on Sunday evening last. The gathering was under the aegis of the Pennsylvania Anti-saloon League, and was distinguished for an address delivered by Senator Wesley L. Jones.

I quote Senator Jones as reported (he is talking about those disinterested lawyers of the New York bar who have banded together to prevent convictions under the horrible "5 and 10" law, the Senator's own pet brain-storm): "Those men, like all citizens, are obligated to obey and aid in obedience to a law as long as it is in force. . . . I have not yet been able to learn whether they [the lawyers] can be prosecuted under any existing sedition statute."

One must conclude that this gentleman at least holds the fathers of the republic to have been a pack of miscreants, and that their descendants should suffuse with shame at the thought of kinship with wretches so depraved as to flout good King George III and his benevolent laws. More specifically, he must include in his denunciation the bygone folk of these parts of Pennsylvania who objected to a whisky tax law, even to the point of saying it with bullets. It may even be that some of the Senator's hearers shrank inwardly as they recalled sundry forbears who were eligible to appear on the desiccation apostle's roll of dishonor. However, if such there were they are not reported to have peeped. They wouldn't. Oddly enough, those old whisky rebels met in a church too; the venerable Mingo Church, I believe.

And finally Senator Jones must include in his category of contemptibles all of us poor Pennsylvanians for non-observance of our local blue laws which are, in Senator Jones's sense, still "in force." True, an effort to repeal these laws was made by some misguided souls in the last legislative assembly but, thanks to the adroit maneuvering of the self-confessed righteous (some day these good people are going to look up the meaning of that word and get the surprise of their lives) the ignoble effort was frustrated, and so our sturdy yeomanry retain their wonted privilege to pursue the even hypocrisy of their ways.

One gathers that the Senator is casting about for ways and means to "get" the upstart lawyers who dared to question the justice of the "5 and 10" atrocity when he admits he does not yet know whether they can be prosecuted for sedition. If in this benign era of pyramiding coercive enactments it should strangely chance that we lack the needed statute, we may confidently rely on the Jones cohorts to "put one over" (that, I believe, is the accepted term to indicate this sort of statecraft).

The childlike faith of Senator Jones in the broad charity and unerring equity sense of both our judiciary and jury material, while doubtless sincere, seems a mite simpletonian in the light of recent events. He "maintained that he trusted entirely to the good sense of judges and juries to prevent the Jones law from becoming oppressive or unjust." The Senator artlessly assumes that his fellow-citizens are less unbalanced than himself and will not abuse luckless wights convicted under the iniquitous "5 and 10" law. However, one cannot but fear that some judges and juries may be Roundhead throwbacks like the Senator. To one conversant with the facts of the DeKing tragedy—the brutal killing, the subsequent exoneration of the killer by a Kane county (Illinois) grand jury, and, crowning all, the magnanimous intercession of the righteous State's Attorney Carberry with this jury on behalf of Mr. DeKing, that they refrain from indicting him on the ground that he had suffered sufficiently in losing his wife—to one cognizant of these vagaries and many more like them, Senator Jones's expressed confidence in the legal machinery to insure the just application of an unjust law is awe-inspiring!

Further along in the press article Senator Jones is gravely reported to have "urged all citizens to obey the dry law to protect themselves against the tendency to anarchy that is implied in refusal to recognize an unpopular law." Well, that's frank anyway. The gentleman admits the thing is unpopular. But we always have fancied that all our laws are popular in the sense that the people make them. Manifestly the Senator is aware that the people were stultified when the dry law was "put over." Please note also in the above gem that the Senator fearlessly calls attention to one of our national skeletons and we might as well face it: it seems that we have been taught down the years to revere the memory of a gang of anarchists posing as patriots, who set their names to an infamous document called the Declaration of Independence.

Mention of the Declaration recalls its inclusion of the doctrine of the natural rights of mankind. In this connection it is interesting to note that Senator Jones has definitely identi-

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fied himself with that group which holds that mankind has no so-called natural rights; has, in fact, no rights save those it holds under the law. In his denial of all rights to mankind except those by statute conferred, Senator Jones is in distinguished company. Judge Gary announced himself as of this conviction shortly before his demise, as did also, at a later date, Mr. William McAdoo, that brilliant obfuscator of the Democratic party.

The windup of the press report of this interesting meeting of church folk gave food for more serious thought. In the last paragraph one learns that "the Reverend Davis E. Cruea . . . explained to the 250 persons at the meeting the propaganda methods being used by the Anti-saloon League *in public schools and asked financial support in the school campaign.*" [italics are the writer's].

Now, whether it be held that the raison d'être and activities of the Anti-saloon League are wholly political, wholly religious, or partly both, how can propaganda in the public schools to further its aims be justified? Is not this a clear-cut case of improper and special pleading for a group, and similar to that of the privately owned public utility companies which raised such a storm over the country? Again, if I, a taxpayer, do not wish to have my children exposed to this pernicious propaganda, how can I insure their avoiding it and still suffer their public school attendance?

I shall be grateful to you if you can shed some light on this most troublesome problem.

J. B. Kellar.

THE MARTYRS OF TIENTSIN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Fifty-nine years ago on Whit Monday June 21, 1870, two Vincentian missionaries and ten Sisters of Charity were cruelly put to death by pagan fanatics near Tientsin in North China. Among the Sisters was Sister Alice O'Sullivan, sister of the well-known Vincentian missionary, Father Daniel O'Sullivan of Clonmel, Ireland.

In life these Sisters were the pioneers who, by their sublime heroism and charity, sowed the seed of Christianity in North China. Dying they watered that seed with their blood in the seemingly unfertile soil of Tientsin. For Tientsin was then a vast pagan city, unrelieved by one ray of Christianity. Today it is a great port with a strong leaven of fervent Chinese Christians. As of old in pagan Rome, the blood of these martyred priests and Sisters has become a rich harvest of Christianity in North China.

The present writer has labored as a missionary in the neighborhood of Tientsin for ten years, and has often knelt on the sacred spot where these priests and Sisters laid down their lives for Christ the King. He has lately received a letter from Monsignor de Vienne, the truly apostolic Bishop of Tientsin vicariate. Bishop de Vienne, after recalling the moving story of these martyred priests and Sisters of Tientsin, tells how he longs to build a chapel or small church on the site of their martyrdom to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the heroic death of these pioneers of the Faith, and to become a new centre for its further spread in North China.

Monsignor de Vienne asks the writer, and through him the readers of The Commonweal and their friends, to help him to obtain funds for this good work. Surely among the hundreds of thousands of Catholics in generous, big-hearted America who know and admire the good works of the Sisters of Charity in their midst, or whose dear ones have perhaps been the recipients of their great charity and devoted care in the hospitals and other institutions—surely, I say, among these many friends and admirers of the Sisters of Charity there will be found a sufficient number to help the good Bishop of Tientsin (Right Reverend Monsignor de Vienne, Catholic Mission, Tientsin) to build a modest church to give glory to God, to perpetuate the unending sacrifice and to share in its merits, to help win China for Christ and to commemorate these martyrs of Tientsin, the first Sisters to lay down their lives for their faith in the Far East, on Pentecost Monday, 1870.

Rev. Patrick O'Gorman.

THE STATISTICS OF LAWLESSNESS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, recently published homicide rates for different cities of the nation that afford interesting reading in view of President Hoover's speech on lawlessness.

Memphis, Tennessee, in 1928, had a homicide rate of 60.5 per 100,000 of population, while Birmingham, Alabama, had a rate of 54.9 per 100,000, and Atlanta, Georgia, a rate of 45.1 per 100,000 of population. Dr. Hoffman states that, while this section has a large colored population, the separate rates for the whites are decidedly higher than elsewhere in the nation.

The South considers the Eighteenth Amendment sacred, yet violates the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments flagrantly.

New York City had a homicide rate of 6.7 for 100,000 of population. A large colored section, too, is resident in New York City. New York City does not consider the Eighteenth Amendment sacred but does carry out the intent of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. What a contrast!

Will President Hoover send Mrs. Willebrandt into the South to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments?

Howard W. Toner.

OUR FEDERAL LANDS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Referring to page 550 in The Commonweal of March 13, final paragraph, I suggest it as good editorial policy that reviewers should read a little in the books noticed.

This book is not a manual; it is far too elementary for foresters; it makes no attempt to cover any of the subjects mentioned; it does not deal with silviculture; it does not touch the economic history of the United States; it is of little use as a reference book; and the reading public is not too frivolous to be seriously interested in its facts.

I do not think I ever read nineteen printed lines containing so many mistakes. If a reviewer has not the time even to skim a book he can often find a key to its scope and meaning in the introduction.

Robert Sterling Yard.

OLD DAYS IN NORTHAMPTON

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of May 1, E. J. Breen has an article on the visit of Father Cheverus to Northampton. An account of the visit more at length may be found in a book entitled How Popes Are Chosen, published by the Stratford Company, 289 Congress Street, Boston, in which the innocence of the two Irishmen hanged for the murder seems to be established.

M. E. Denn.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Season In Review

THE official theatrical season, which has more or less given way to the period of summer musical shows and timorous tryouts of plays backed only by slender resources, furnished many examples of sheer ineptitude. But even such examples have their measure of interest. They provoke some thought about the mental capacity of managers, and what is likely to happen to our swollen theatrical industry when that capacity is finally matched against aggressive and intelligent competition.

The lines of battle seem to be forming. The talking movies, though still instruments of torture, are undoubtedly on their way to becoming the standard form of amusement for the masses. They are cheaper to produce than the old-fashioned movies (chiefly because they require fewer sets) and they will, some day, give the curious the satisfaction of hearing as well as seeing the work of fine theatrical artists. Theresa Helburn, the manager of the Theatre Guild, is probably right in predicting that a few years from now, most of New York's seventy or eighty playhouses will be given over to talking pictures, as the official entertainment industry, and that plays will be confined to a few theatres, under responsible and intelligent management, where only the finest actors will still play, and only plays of real distinction and value will come to life. She is also right, I think, in her assurance that the play, as we now know it, will never pass entirely from the scene. The half loaf of the shadow stage will never give the complete satisfaction of the full loaf of the speaking stage, where the immediate warmth of personality is felt, and where the finest achievement of the actor's art comes to life under the impulse of a visible audience and with the stimulus of continuous character creation. The competition within the legitimate theatre itself will be between such management groups as the Theatre Guild itself (now an almost nation-wide institution, with subscription seasons in many cities) and individual managers who adhere to some genuine ideal and will be well content to draw modest returns from their enterprise, instead of seeking only speculator's profits.

The day of this new competition may be several years off. It certainly will not come until the talking movies show a radical improvement over their present primitive crudeness. But we shall see it eventually, and it will be a good day for real theatre-lovers. It will probably be paralleled by a development into semi-professional status of many little-theatre groups throughout the country, so that in every city of reasonable size you will find an organized show business with first-class talking movies, and an organized theatre giving a few well-selected and fairly well-produced plays, possibly strengthened by a system of exchange guest artists. With this probable development in mind, a glance at the season just closed is illuminating.

No one group has distinguished itself in the choice of plays. Certainly the Theatre Guild has collapsed miserably. With the exception of Wings over Europe, it has not produced a single play of more than casual and passing interest. Its resources in casting have saved several of its productions from complete fiasco, but surely one can find nothing in Man's Estate, Caprice, The Camel through the Needle's Eye or even in a thin translation and adaptation of Faust to stir enthusiasm or imagination. Of all of O'Neill's recent plays, Dynamo is the most superficial and confused in thought, and the least authentic in feeling. As a human document, revealing O'Neill's inner struggle, it was intensely interesting. But as a play of any universal significance, it was a pathetic travesty.

Miss Le Gallienne's group at the Civic Repertory has, in fact, done far better than the Guild in the choice of plays, offering a well-varied selection from all countries and times. But the Civic Repertory bids fair to become a cradle of the classic and near-classic drama, rather than a nursery for upshooting native genius. We are grateful for the Quinteros' ever-so-human and trivial comedies, for the mirroring of Russian standard works (not for their own values so much as by contrast with, let us say, O'Neill) and we are glad to see a sprightly Peter Pan matched with an amiable bit of Molière. But where is the force of new drama? One does not find it yet on Fourteenth Street.

Arthur Hopkins has a name for theatrical taste and a sense of values. But in the early season he went "contemporary" and ignored universal values in the production of that lugubrious and unilluminated piece called Machinal. It failed, I think, because it lacked proportion and human richness. Holiday, in spite of its trivial incidents, struck somewhat deeper by asking in its own clever and light-hearted way the universal question: "Must we work for work's sake or for something a little closer to contentment?" Still, in spite of finding Holiday one of the most delightful comedies of the year, one must admit that it might conceivably be as good on the talking screen of the future as in its present form. It would have stiff competition under the theatrical conditions we are supposing a decade from now.

That stalwart old showman, William A. Brady, who makes no audible claims to "art" production, hit upon (somewhat timidly, so legend has it) Elmer Rice's Street Scene, and in this lucky strike came as close as any one person or group to selecting the kind of play that may mean the life of the future theatre. Few plays of the last ten years have so splashed the blood and thunder and pathos and pity of life upon the speaking stage. Despite its modern incidents and setting, it spoke a universal language. It is a play you could restage in almost any period of civilization and in almost any known city. It is the turmoil of congestion and the struggle of individuals to achieve inner freedom in a whirlpool. François Villon would have recognized life as he knew it in Street Scene. The old men of Athens could undoubtedly see the same thing as they looked down from the Acropolis. Turbulent and alive, and not without wisdom emerging from its madness and its dumb terror.

Inevitably one comes to Journey's End. It, too, had a theme as universal as life and death in the thoughts of men facing eternity. It was more limited than Street Scene. Men rarely know when death lies just ahead of them, and Journey's End had little meaning apart from this special knowledge of its characters. But it carried the central truth of many great crises—of a Danton riding to the guillotine, or perhaps, more richly, of the countless unsung great who battle disease and plagues unflinchingly. It sang a greater theme than war. And for hearing the song, we must thank Gilbert Miller.

Perhaps my memory is unusually short (I am purposely making no reference to notes or programs) but it would be

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difficult to name many other plays, especially new ones, which attained the calibre of rich theatre. The Sea-Gull, bravely produced on the coöperative plan, was in the Le Gallienne tradition of standard plays. The Age of Innocence was little more than a period portrait. Some trivial and amusing contributions by Milne, Drinkwater and Lonsdale set no landmarks. Plays of "modern" life abounded, and added nothing to our insight. One little comedy, Jonesy, combined swift entertainment with the pleasant thought that youth and age have a real meeting ground. But of all the new comedies, only one had a flavor of classic universality and that was the homely bit called Kibitzer. It achieved the unique distinction of bringing forth an entirely new central dramatic character—the man who can always advise others but who can never make up his own mind. The best plays of the season were exceptionally good, but the average made even the word mediocre a term of praise.

In the highly important matter of acting the season was more fortunate than in the choice of plays. We seem to be in the position of having an endless supply of capable actors and actresses without having many really fine artists. At least that is the impression produced through the fad of type casting. It is only at the Theatre Guild or at Miss Le Gallienne's theatre that we get a chance to see the same actors in a wide variety of rôles. Perhaps that is why there has been more notable improvement in the work of these two groups than anywhere else on our stage.

Individual achievement during the year, aside from these groups, has been rare. Perhaps the most notable emergence of a fine talent is in the case of Miriam Hopkins (promptly snapped up by the Guild) who has graduated from the feather-brained flapper of An American Tragedy into work of genuine distinction. She almost made that faltering play called Flight seem credible and important. Erin O'Brien-Moore, as the heroine of Street Scene, also had her first complete chance to demonstrate a combination of intensity and poetry. She was no better than when acting in Estlin Cummings's play, Him, but this time her fine work had the advantage of being seen in a Broadway theatre and in a successful play. Blanche Yurka, in her Ibsen season, gave New York a long-awaited chance to appraise her splendid range, but she was about the only actress of established position to add distinctly to a previous reputation. Katherine Cornell, Alice Brady, Mary Ellis and a few others only confirmed what we already knew about them. Miss Le Gallienne is another possible exception, through the unexpected excellence of her Peter Pan, in brilliant contrast to her more serious rôles of the past.

Among the actors, there was even less evidence of growth, in spite of many admirable performances. Someone once said that the stage was a profession for good actresses but only for the finest actors—meaning, I suppose, that only men of true artistry can hope to emerge from the mass sufficiently to command genuine respect. At all events, aside from Edward G. Robinson (undoubtedly the finest character creator on our stage) Dudley Digges, Alfred Lunt at his best and a handful of others, we have very few actors whose work leaves the impression of versatility and distinction. Many of them perform smoothly and naturally. They are more than acceptable. But it is very rare to find someone like Spencer Tracy who can give even a conventional modern part a commanding sincerity. Basil Sidney is improving rapidly, the entire Theatre Guild group stands for solid distinction, and here and there you see a fine talent, as in the case of Elliot Cabot, maturing. But what is so rare as a Robinson on Broadway?

BOOKS

Some Intimations of Immortality

Darkened Rooms, by Philip Gibbs. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Last September, by Elizabeth Bowen. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

Sartoris, by William Faulkner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

DIFFERENT as are the three books to be considered in the following paragraphs, they yet lend themselves to a comparative discussion because of one distinctive feature which each possesses and to which, in fact, each owes its unity of effect. The three authors, by widely varying means and methods, have chosen to deal with the seeking of the human mind and heart after spiritual realities, with those unquiet, persistent, baffling forces which in the last analysis drive every soul back upon itself. Of the three, Sir Philip Gibbs's handling of the subject in Darkened Rooms is at once the most realistic and the most unconvincing. Indeed, the stark and ugly claptrap which he uses dims the effectiveness of the tragedy he would depict, renders tedious and unprovocative that which he would have pathetic. Allowed to see the cheap tricks of the medium's trade from the very outset, few readers can take stock in characters so gullible as his. How can a professor of psychology, an eminent lawyer, a clever Oxford graduate and a brilliant actress be fooled by an illiterate would-be medium who conceals music-boxes under floors, wears masks of wax and deals in a very obvious ventriloquism? The mingling of such emotions as are demanded by these hysterical pages requires a better hand and mind than Sir Philip Gibbs possesses here. Remembering better books from his pen, one closes Darkened Rooms with regret.

It is a relief to turn to Miss Bowen's delicate workmanship in The Last September, to the perplexing remoteness of her characters and her theme. Reading carefully her splendid dialogue, admiring her distinctness of detail, one is harassed by questions. Are these English people in Ireland unbelievably ignorant of the terrific changes which are hurtling over their heads as the Irish revolutionaries pursue their awful ends? Does the author mean to depict their empty tennis games, their imagined love affairs, as merely ludicrous and inane and futile when contrasted with the destruction at their doors? Are they victims in a kind of Molière corrective comedy? Or are they, rather, tragic figures, each a symbol of that pathetic desire, daily overwhelmed, to realize the possible fulness of the individual nature—that nature glimpsed only in rare and painful seconds of perception? One closes the book, unconvinced even after a second reading. But because the family at Danielstown, "sealed up in lamplight, secure and bright like flowers in a paper-weight," because young Lois and Gerald and thwarted, middle-aged Hugo with his frail wife, and Laurence, the ultra-modern, and Lord and Lady Naylor stake out firm places in the mind each with an almost embodied desire for what he knows not, one feels sure that Danielstown is a house not made with hands and that its inmates, so trivial and meaningless at tea and tennis, are beating each his own wings against the cruel bars of time and place.

Mr. William Faulkner's Sartoris brings to the mind of at least one reader the saying of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson about R. L. S.: "His faults are so much more lovable than other people's virtues." Sartoris has faults, but they are the

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faults of a style and a method crammed with virtues. There is such a wealth of figures, mostly good, that sentences too often seem mannered. Favorite words become intrusive, "sibilant," "myriad." Incidents are so well told that they seem detached, unable through their very individuality and power to take their place in the story. Characters live so completely and fully in themselves that they mingle with difficulty. In short, Mr. Faulkner's ingredients are so dear to him that he hates the stirring of them into a smooth whole.

Nevertheless, perhaps even because of these things, Sartoris is a memorable book. It is the name and story of a southern family whose troubled, overwhelming personality was so prodigal that even the dead Sartorises could not stay in heaven, must come back to linger on in their pipes, in the odor of the honeysuckle, in the rooms where they had once lived, and above all in the perturbed and desperate desires of their grandchildren. Thus they obtain their own immortality and ensure, sadly enough, the torturing mortality of succeeding generations of their name.

One wishes for space to recount the things in Sartoris which will be long remembered: the moon-swept Mississippi fields and hills on spring nights; the piping of young frogs "like endless, silver, small bubbles rising"; that inimitable Thanksgiving dinner; those charming interludes of conversation among the Negro servants. Innumerable details enrich the pages like beads of manifold colors. But above all else one will remember the suffering mind and imagination of young Bayard Sartoris, whose story this is. The prodigal creation of his forefathers, his is the body in which they survive, his the nature which they sustain and nourish and at last consume.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Empress's Lady-in-Waiting

The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia, by Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

THIS is neither a very clever nor even a well-written book, but it is an exceedingly pleasant one to read, because it shows us that loyalty, affection and devotion to the memory of a dead friend still exist in this age of general ingratitude. The Baroness Buxhoeveden was lady-in-waiting to the last unfortunate Empress of Russia, she accompanied her to Siberia, and only escaped sharing her fate through a miracle. And what she tells us now are her personal impressions of a great time which there were no great people to meet.

The first pages of the book are essentially banal and conventional, and in more than one detail incorrect, but they are sincere, and true in so far as they describe her own feelings. The last six chapters, however, are truly poignant, and contain the first authentic record of what went on in the palace of Tzarskoié Sélo during the early hours of the revolution which culminated in the abdication of Nicholas II. They are written with a simplicity which enhances their heartrending details. We can see the anxieties of the inhabitants of the imperial palace, their dread of what was going to follow the first outburst of revolutionary fury, and at the same time their utter misconception of its gravity and of the causes that had brought it about. And we can watch together with the author the conflicting emotions which, through those dark days, shook the soul of the unfortunate Empress, and the disillusionments which one after the other drove her almost to despair. It is in regard to these small details of everyday life in the palace of Tzarskoié Sélo, transformed into a prison, and later on in Tobolsk, that the book of the Baroness Buxhoeveden differs from all the other ones which have been written on the subject of the Romanov tragedy.

There is also one point which it clears up. It shows, in spite of the care it takes to represent the Empress as a victim of circumstances, what nefarious influence the too-famous Anna Wyroubova wielded over her mind, and the evil she wrought by repeating to the unfortunate Alexandra all the current gossip in St. Petersburg. Her everlasting tittle-tattle set the Empress against the very people on whom she ought to have relied, and estranged her from them. A fatal mistake if there ever was one!

It is altogether an honest book, written by an honest woman. It may not contain much that is new to the student of the history of the Russian Revolution, but it proves that there were after all a few faithful friends left to the last Romanovs crowned in Moscow, who loved them well enough to consent to share their dangers, and eventually the fate which all knew was bound to overtake them.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Illusions of Aristocracy

The Modern Temper, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MANY of us in America are playing with the gratifying illusion of an aristocracy of intellect. We all claim that our system of education tends in that direction and we admit (sometimes without undue pressure) that individually we form part of it.

Mr. Krutch shows us pitilessly and rather terrifyingly the result in this generation of our various efforts to produce such a thing en masse. He also claims for the modern temper this intellectual aristocracy, admits its enfeeblement, but sees no remedy. He concludes it will be gradually replaced by some intellectually inferior race or group nearer animal than human life and therefore better adjusted to nature, with which human life is and must be in disaccord. As this inferior civilization grows intellectually, it will in turn find itself out of tune with nature, and in its turn succumb. In the meantime our moderns have something to say for life as an art, the criterion of art being self-expression and the perfection with which each individual expresses himself in the particular rôle he chooses, whether as a Francis of Assisi, a Napoleon, a Lenin, a Leopold or Loeb.

Mr. Krutch's book is valuable and should be in the hands of every Catholic educator. It would be totally unfair to ascribe the modern temper solely to decadent Protestantism. It is widely decadent Christianity, from which we also are not and never have been exempt. Not only must our graduates meet it, but it is already present in our schools.

Mr. Krutch is not speaking of modern thought but of the modern temper: "floating convictions, tendencies and moods, which taken together constitute a temperament," in which religion comes to be definitely discarded (though often with a sigh of regret) and science fails to satisfy. "Unlike their grandfathers, those who are its victims do not and never expect to believe in God: but unlike their spiritual fathers, the philosophers and scientists of the nineteenth century, they have begun to doubt that rationality and knowledge have any promised land into which they may be led." Yet these "victims" of intellect cannot achieve, either, "an exultant atheism." This modern temper seems to be a school product, a forlorn, unwilling and disillusioned scepticism, rather than a dilemma

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of an open, inquiring, vigorous mind. The latter, apparently, is only to be found among the "intellectual inferiors." The intellectual aristocracy is tired and "enfeebled."

This is a quite general situation, very ably analyzed, and there is a natural sequence in it.

The new science of our "spiritual fathers of the nineteenth century" seemed to them to throw religion into fundamentalism and obscurantism. They did not realize, and their real "intellectual aristocracy" in this generation has only begun to realize, that science dealt with modes and methods, not with causes. "God *or* science" has been an accepted antithesis, filtering down through pseudo-scientists and pseudo-theologians to the semi-educated mass, to the illiterate intellectual (that characteristic product of the mass college) and purpose has been lost in the process.

God as cause and purpose having been "undermined by science," and cause and purpose being nevertheless the basic need of the human mind, one turned to science. To the temper of a generation ago it seemed that science at any rate could be understood by anyone of sufficient intelligence giving his whole mind to it. Most of us do not, of course, give our whole mind to science, but there was comfort in the thought that one could really know, if it were not for the hardest of cold facts that most of us have to make a living. Even that illusion has vanished in the modern temper, for knowing everything, nothing explains our relation to the universe; but we still have to make a living and to most of the disillusioned intellectuals there is just enough pleasure in it, real or meretricious, to obviate the desire to get out of it as quickly and painlessly as possible.

To semi-moderns of a sterner mold, God was too easy. God as a point of departure satisfied completely. The intellect should never be satisfied. Intellect is hard and daring. Nothing in science is absolute, for thought should push ever beyond ephemeral gain. This contemporary sad élite, however, is sadly conscious that it is not trained to think anything through; contemporary education seems to close the mind, and while in the generation of the "spiritual fathers of the nineteenth century," emancipated thought quickly crystallized on one side or the other of an imaginary antithesis (God *or* science) today's temper rejects both, sadly: neither God nor science.

Mr. Krutch says this generation "can no longer think in terms appropriate to either." To the whole book's implication I should still say: "not yet" rather than "no longer."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Three Poets

The Pilgrim and Other Poems, by the author of In the House of My Pilgrimage. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00.

Poems, by Gerald W. E. Dunne. Toledo: Privately printed.

Heart Hermitage and Other Poems, by Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C. New York: Scott, Foresman and Company. $1.60.

IN A foreword to The Pilgrim and Other Poems, the bishop of St. Albans says, "Thank God there are still some things in the world which can defy the microscope, the test-tube, the mathematician and even the psychoanalyst! Why is anything beautiful, good or true? Who can tell? Besides, who wants to? When you see it you know it, and are satisfied." In spite of the somewhat bearish expression employed by His Grace, one shares his gratitude; nor does one feel that "even the psychoanalyst" could detract from the inherent dignity of expression and humility of thought in the volume of which he speaks. Only genuine excellence is deserving of anonymity, but there is nothing to quarrel with in the anonymity of these poems, which have a rare quality of clarity and purity.

It is unfortunately not possible to say as much for Mr. Dunne's verses. In them phrase and thought become subservient to rhyme and rhythm. Mr. Dunne has more faith in adherence to a pattern than in sharpness and exactitude of expression. That which gives the effect of poetry is the more reprehensible for giving only the effect, and technical adroitness hardly compensates for obstruction to the thought. Mr. Dunne's lines too often remind one of manuscripts with blanks left in them before an end rhyme, blanks to be filled in when some thought is suggested by the rhyme.

The striking difference in manner of some of Father Carroll's work gives one, having read a poem that has about it at once the artificial air of a public tableau and the simplicity of an unaffected prayer, a feeling of uneasiness, even of embarrassment—the embarrassment of an intruder. For all that certain of these pieces have a very moral air, their expression is not impressive. What one is grateful for is the sincere devotional spirit of a few scattered verses.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

Belligerent Gossip

Falsehood in War Time, by Arthur Ponsonby. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE English government will not be alone in its belief that Sir Arthur Ponsonby's stand that "now it can be told" is not sufficient justification of the publication of Falsehood in War Time. War is, unfortunately, not definitely a thing of the past and the methods of propaganda may again have to be utilized. Consequently any revelation of the methods of artificially manufacturing patriotism must be frowned upon by those who would have no hesitation in employing such methods again if it should prove necessary. The author quotes numerous statesmen of the great war period who in moments of candor admitted that peoples must be lashed into a patriotic fervor by arousing their active hatred for the enemy and their intense approbation of their own national course. This phase is the most important element of the book's exposition, but closely following it in significance is the pitiless revelation of the extraordinary gullibility of the human race.

Falsehood in War Time is mainly a book of quotations. The author has connected them with the most concise descriptions of the points illustrated by his selections from the declarations of the chief figures in the world war, from newspapers and journals, from letters and documents, from treaties and records. The English parliamentarian destroys the legends of mutilated Belgian children, of the German corpse factory, of Germany's sole war guilt, of the atrocities. The English committment to France also has an important place. From the historical standpoint it is a merciless exposition of quasi-facts that hundreds of thousands, even today, believe are immutably based on truth. Hence Falsehood in War Time needs a companion volume. It must be offset, to have its full value, by a book presenting the other side—the real truth.

The book contains such an amazing collection of political contradictions and such a startling exposé of the business of making war that it should warrant extensive quotation in any history dealing with the years 1914-1918. It has a place alike on the desk of anyone interested in the promotion of peace and anyone interested in the prosecution of war.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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Thought in Review

The History of Philosophy, by Paul J. Glenn. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.00.

THOUGH the writing of text-books may not be a very high form of productive scholarship, it is still an encouraging sign of progress in our teaching of philosophy when such books begin to multiply. And specifically in the matter of the history of philosophy, it may not be too optimistic to interpret the appearance of new texts as evidence that a new and more scholarly spirit is giving fresh life to our handling of philosophy as an academic discipline.

Dr. Glenn has given us, in his The History of Philosophy, a clear and orderly presentation of the subject in brief space. He has had the needs and difficulties of beginners well in mind and has been at pains to throw light on points which such beginners are likely to find dark. He does not presuppose an understanding of the technical language of philosophy, but explains terms as they occur. These are good points in a text-book and will be sure to recommend it to students.

For the general reader in subjects like the history of philosophy, foot-notes and references are perhaps only impediments which burden him in his progress through the book. But is it good practice to ask the student to accept opinions and judgments on the word of the text-book? In the right of his intellectual independence, which presumably we are striving to foster in our teaching of philosophy, is not the student entitled to know what the basis is of the opinions and judgments he is asked to accept? Eventually in the interest of scholarship he must accustom himself to go to the sources. Why should it not be more rational to lead him to this practice from the beginning?

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Amiable Essays

On Doing the Right Thing, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS book of essays takes its title from the seventh of the ten papers it contains. This is concerned with thought anent the "curious practice" of English people, "apprehended by an American only with great difficulty and to which they give the rather conventional and indefinite name of 'doing the Right Thing.' Given a certain set of circumstances, that is, an Englishman may be trusted to take a certain course of conduct—for no reason in particular except to satisfy some inward sense of obligation."

Mr. Nock, one may guess, is of those rare Americans who would themselves, obeying instincts formed by an inherited tradition, emulate in such practice the peculiar Englishmen of whom he writes: and for that reason possibly, this essay, not in other ways the most significant, may have been chosen to give title to the collection. Had it been placed at the beginning, the reader would have earlier realized that he was given to see the present panorama of widespread social disintegration with the eyes of one bred to perplexing standards, not to be justified either from an "economic" or a "scientific" point of view, yet able to impose coercive obligation, even when following them may entail the loss of both one's money and one's life.

It is valuable, before the powerful traditions that once molded British character, and through that character our own, lose their ability to summon a "good form" in which no earthly profit is discernible, to contemplate the passing scene

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There is a book which bears the title, Memorials of the Blessed. The world is now engaged in giving expression to one such memorial, because fourteen centuries have passed since Saint Benedict left Subiaco. In THE CENTENARY OF MONTE CASSINO, Count Igino Giordani will discuss the significance of this event and the plans of the Church to commemorate it worthily. . . . The second instalment of Ralph Adams Cram's REFLECTIONS UPON ART, which forms part of a volume soon to appear in the Calvert Series, will deal with practical problems to be faced now. Whether one agrees with Dr. Cram or not, the suggestions he offers invite comment. . . . For the sake of keeping abreast of public affairs, we shall publish SUCCESSFUL FARMING IN AMERICA, by Professor Robert Stewart. Previous papers by the same author have attracted a good deal of attention. . . . In MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE, Catherine Radziwill will explain what has happened to a literature which, a decade ago, was exerting an unequaled influence upon European letters. The article is also a shrewd commentary upon the modern Russian situation. . . . Sometime ago, Paul Bussard's PHILOSOPHIC FANTASY was published in The Commonweal. He has written another, which we hope to include in next week's issue. . . . There will also be, unless every omen proves false, a page of poetry.

with Mr. Nock's kind tolerance of the earth's self-engrossed activities. He has perhaps inherited, together with an "inward sense of obligation" deriving from his ancestor, John Jay, sufficiency of worldly goods to let him quietly sustain such obligation, where it affects him personally; while he watches, with an admirable temper, the lights that change and shift, abroad as in America, to glorify what once neither the English nor Americans thought the Right Thing for self-respecting men to do. His reflections stimulate our own.

MARGARET KENDALL.

Sursum Corda

My Mass Book, by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Small Missal. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, $.80, French Morocco, $2.40.

THE preface by Dr. Kerby of the Catholic University of America points out that My Mass Book is to be commended because "it represents an effort to bring the mysteries of our Holy Faith to the sympathetic attention of little children in a manner suited to their capacity and to the deep direction of their lives toward God." The large, clear print and the exquisitely colored illustrations on every page are exactly what a child craves in books. The illustrations of the Mass are for the most part on the left-hand page, while on the right a full-page reproduction of some great painting of the Redeemer's life shows the child the divine inspiration and development of the Holy Sacrifice. Prayers for confession and Holy Communion, and other prayers every child should know follow.

The Small Missal is intended for "children of an older growth," for those who find the complete missal difficult or distracting, or for adults who have not yet come to the spiritual joy of following the words and the spirit of the Church in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The use of the missal by well-instructed Catholics has for so many years been an approved practice that it seems superfluous to comment on the subject. Unfortunately, a great many Catholics who ceased their Catholic training with the catechism and the reception of the sacraments have never been taught the use of the missal. For them The Small Missal, convenient in size and simple in arrangement, is an introduction to a higher plane of Catholic thought and action. Therefore, aside from the intrinsic merits of the book, which has been completely revised in conformity with the latest Editio Typico, The Small Missal fills a long-felt want and goes forth from the press as a missionary to secure intelligent as well as devotional participation in the never-ending Sacrifice of Calvary.

CLARA DOUGLAS SHEERAN.

Tropical Observations

Travels in the Congo, by André Gide. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

WHILE M. Gide was traveling "officially" through French equatorial Africa, he kept an unusually observant diary. The two volumes of this were published in France with great success, partly because there exists a public interested in Africa but mostly because of the personal charm of M. Gide. Few men maintain a better balance between the outer world of event and panorama, and the inner world of self. Though one turns page after page anxious to discern what the Negro opines, eats and suffers, the satisfaction that

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comes with learning what our author thinks of the books he has carried with him into the wilderness is very great indeed. M. Gide is, however, no fastidious European. The desert makes him feel much healthier, his sympathy with the primitive remains well-nigh unbounded, and his gracious moralizing is often really fine. I am afraid the dust cover gives a false impression of this book. It suggests a world of alluring forms and sensuous fancies, whereas the reality is simple, crude, laborious.

The Congo offers comparatively little to the eye excepting forests broken up by fields and little villages, some of them curious agriculturally or architecturally. Gide is concerned with the petty abuses of colonial administration, the lack of sympathy with native aspiration, and the gross avarice of some commercial organizations. Few books are poorer advertisements for European exploitation than his. And yet he never fails to suggest the dimensions of the white man's opportunity, or to portray worthy officials, administrators and missionaries. The universe thus evoked is lush but not lawless, tropical but not languid, ugly with disease and ignorance but not hopeless. It is a compound of Rousseauistic sympathy and modern scientific curiosity. And as such it can be warmly recommended, even though it needs editing for the young.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Economic Insecurity

The Challenge of the Aged, by Abraham Epstein; with an introduction by Jane Addams. New York: Macy-Masius Company. $3.00.

IF ONE wants to be quite impressed with the economic insecurity of life, one should not fail to read Mr. Epstein's work on pensions for the aged. We are often told that it avails us little to pile up large reserves of capital, for we cannot take one cent into the life hereafter. After reading Mr. Epstein, we may well conclude that there is a great possibility that we may not carry our savings even as far as the portals of eternity. Reflect on the following conditions which Mr. Epstein takes from "a successful insurance underwriter":

"The Presidents of the United States have certainly been successful men and well paid, yet about one-half of those who reached old age did not have large accumulations. Several of the greatest of the early Presidents were actually broke. . . . Consider the men who were presidents of the local banks here twenty-five years ago. Among them were several cases of financial distress in later years, and even of suicide. . . . Consider the house I now live in. The first owner was a high railroad official, but he lost so much money in his later years that his wife is now a telegraph operator. . . ."

Well, Mr. Epstein makes his point that there is much economic instability in the course of life. He makes the point even at the expense of seeming at times to be the enthusiastic propagandist rather than the cool intellectual investigator of a pressing problem. Furthermore, his repetitions on causes for old-age dependency are more annoying than impressive. Somewhere between seventy-five and one hundred pages of the present material could be profitably omitted. In place of them, Mr. Epstein might incorporate a consideration of the legal problem involved in instituting old-age pensions. Such a consideration might well be built around the Pennsylvania case. There cannot be the slightest doubt that one of the greatest obstacles to widespread adoption of old-age pension legislation in this country is going to be the conflict with state and national constitutional provisions which expressly or by implication

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prohibit the expenditure of public funds for private purposes. This angle of the problem justly deserves more than passing attention.

Mr. Epstein, nevertheless, has done a good piece of work; his statistics are complete and serviceable; his summary of present legislation in this country and abroad should aid the legislator and the student alike; his work in its entirety is well worth reading by every intelligent citizen.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

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